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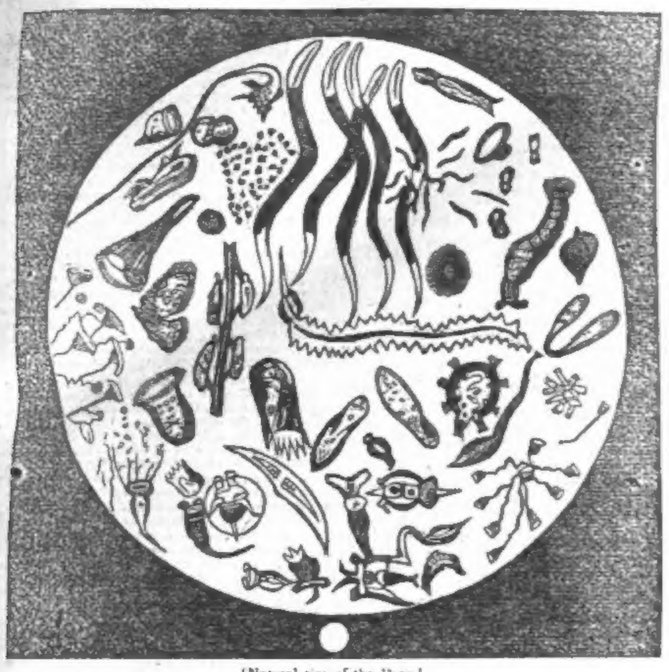
DROP OF WATER, MAGNIFIED.



[Natural size of the Drop.]

It may, perhaps, be a matter of doubt whether the microscope or the telescope has introduced the most wonderful facts to our notice. If the telescope has brought us acquainted with vast bodies which we had not previously conceived to exist, and thus unmeasurably extended our conceptions of the vastness of the universe, and the power of its Creator, it is no less true that the microscope, though, perhaps, with less imposing pretensions, has laid open to us most unexpected revelations of the wisdom, the power, and the providence of the Almighty, by discovering to us innumerable orders of living beings, endowed with numerous capacities, and provided with ample means of enjoyment.

An example which partially illustrates this last remark is supplied in the above engraving, which represents a single drop of water as it appears through a microscope, peopled with various species of minute animals called *animalcules*, of the habits of some of which we purpose to give a brief account. It may be observed in general of the microscopic orders of animals, that the smallest which have ever come under notice have been discovered in water. Not that we may infer from this that there are not creatures of equally diminutive size inhabiting the air, or creeping upon the earth; the reason is simply that, from the transparency of water, and from its confining the creatures in it, we can more easily bring the assistance of the microscope to bear on the examination of them.

Of these, indeed of all animated beings, the *monas* is the most simple. The *termo* is the most minute creature of this genus, being so extremely delicate and transparent as often to elude the highest magnifying powers, and seeming to blend with the water in which it swims. Another and very minute class of animalcules is that which has been termed by Mr. Baker the hair-like insect, on account of its shape, being extremely slender, and frequently a hundred and fifty times as long as it is broad.

These creatures are so small, that millions of millions of them might be contained in the space of a square inch. Yet low in the scale of being as they may appear to stand, owing both to their extreme minuteness and the simplicity of their structure, even those, in common with those orders of inferior animals with which we are more ordinarily conversant, exhibit indications of sagacity, and of the formation of habits. They seem, for example, to be fond of society; for, after viewing for some time a quantity of them taken up at random, the observer will see them disposing themselves in a kind of regular order. If a multitude of them are put into a jar of water, they will form themselves into a regular body, and ascend slowly to the top. When they are weary of this situation, they form themselves into a kind of rope, which slowly descends as low as they intend; but if they happen to be near the side of the jar, they will descend upon it.

In one experiment, a small quantity of matter containing these animalcules having been put into a jar of water, it so happened that one part went down immediately to the bottom, while the other continued floating at the top. When things had remained some time in this condition each of these swarms of animalcules began to grow weary of its situation, and appeared disposed to change it. Both armies, therefore, set out at the same time, the one proceeding upwards and the other downwards, so that after some hours' journey they met in the middle. A desire of knowing how they would behave on this occasion engaged the observer to watch them carefully, and to his surprise he saw the army that was marching upwards open to the right and left, to make room for those that were descending. Thus, without confusion or intermixture, each held on its way; the army that was going up marching in two columns to the top, and the other descending in one column to the bottom, as if each had been under the direction of intelligent leaders.

Another very singular animal, whose existence and habits have been discovered by the microscope, has been dignified with the name of the *Proteus*, from its assuming so great a variety of shapes as scarcely to be recognised as the same animal in its different transformations. Its general shape bears a considerable resemblance to that of the swan, and its changes are chiefly effected by its neck, which it sometimes extends to a considerable length, and sometimes disposes of it altogether. It also appears to have the power of increasing its transparency or opaqueness at will. There are no eyes, nor any opening in the head, like a mouth, to be discerned; but its actions clearly prove that it possesses the faculty of vision, for though multitudes of other animalcules swim about it in the same water, and its own progressive motion is very swift, yet it never strikes against any of them but directs its course between them with astonishing dexterity.

Another and a very perfect animal is discovered by the microscope in rain water, which has stood for some days in leaden gutters, or in hollows on the tops of houses. This is called the verticella, or wheel animal. It is extremely curious and puzzling in its construction, for it seems to be impelled by two wheels, one on each side of the front part of its body.

The slender worm-shaped figures of the engraving are called microscopic eels; and are readily found in sour paste or stale vinegar. In vinegar they may be usually seen in immense numbers, by the naked eye.

It is not to be expected that the whole of the creatures represented in the circle are to be found in every drop of water, at all seasons, and in all circumstances. Sometimes there are more than at others;—and sometimes there are very few. Stagnant puddles in leaden gutters are the most likely places to meet with the wheel insects, especially in warm weather.

The microscope was first used in Germany, in the year 1621. There is a dispute about the discoverer, and the time when his discovery was made. Some place it as far back as the year 1618.

Written for the Casket.

THE WIDOWED BRIDE,

OR LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

I remember my father—but have not the most indistinct remembrance of my mother! My first and warmest recollections, are of a little vine-covered cottage on the margin of a river, which they called the Hudson; and of a little sister, whose nurse often took charge of myself, with whom I wandered along the banks, gathering wild flowers, and amusing myself in a variety of ways, often much to her annoyance—sometimes venturing too near the water's edge and again stealing away from her side, and compelling her (notwithstanding her known reluctance) to join in my favorite play "of hide and seek." I lov'd my father, but my little sister—aye! her I loved better than aught else the earth contained—my father was a serious man—read much, and thought more: sighed deeply, and often, and did not appear to take much interest in my prattle—but my sister gave me all her little heart at once and her beautiful blue eye beamed with delight whenever I appeared. She began to talk too! and would soon, I thought, tell me so. But my father at last did think of me! for he sent me to a boarding school in ———, there I remained nine months in every year. The remaining three were passed at our little residence with him and my sister. I wish I could describe her! she too was now to leave her father and go to a boarding school also. I begged for her to return to my school with me, but "no"—my father would have her sent to another. He had heard of a newly established one in ———, new system, new style, every thing new; and "she must go"—we corresponded constantly, and still always met at vacation. At last I was seventeen: and after much persuasion, my father permitted me to accompany one of my school companions to her home in ———, I now soon found myself in a gay city, gay house, gay street, and gay company.—Oh! how my silly heart jumped for joy at all this! "now I may do just as I please!" was the delightful thought that occurred to me—I did not hear my father's sigh, and his large melancholy eye no longer rested upon me, as if in sorrow for my childish glee, and I was the merriest of the merry! Every face I met wore the same bright smile—all seemed mirth and gladness! many parties were given in the gay circle in which we moved, complimentary to my friend and (as they pleased to say) myself; to all of which I accompanied her. Being something new for the world of fashion to gaze at, and possibly possessed of some few attractions, we created some little éclat and were of course surrounded with beaux of all descriptions—I was particularly amused by one, who (in a whisper which might have been heard by all the company present) declared himself my devoted, and on whom I soon determined to bestow all my most winning smiles. I was a giddy careless creature, and never thought for a moment whether I were right or wrong in thus amusing myself at the expense of wounding the feelings of others. It never entered my imagination to look on him in a serious light for one moment—I spoke to him but to ridicule him on some point; and unfortunately, too many opportunities for this unamiable sport were daily afforded me, by the many other beaux who followed in my train. But I was not really unfeeling, and my heart often reproached me for my unkindness, and my reason upbraided me for my frivolity, if I had chanced to frighten him away; I resumed my smiles, and soon brought him to my side again—I believe they even went so far as to say I intended bestowing my hand on this short-legged, pug-nosed, big-eyed little monster; and all on account of his poodled head, and his father's long purse. But just at this time, a very different personage approached my shrine of devotion, and it was in a few days, confidently whispered, little duck legs had been told to "trot" or otherwise received his "walking ticket"—but no such thing! poodle-head was still at his station; and although I had found a smile for the new devotionalist, little sly still held up the back of my chair. Another and another came, and I smiled and chattered with *all*—already had I incurred the epithet of "cold hearted," and finally coquette was attached to my name. I had declined dancing and was sitting amid the phalanx which surrounded me, with little sly at my elbow, with whom I kept up a more than ordinarily frivolous flirtation: much elated at the sharp and witty things I had been saying, which had made poor sly slink behind the large damask curtains, while his companions were enjoying his confusion (for I had forbidden him to speak to me again, for the next half hour, unless he could repeat to me, and translate, certain Greek verses, with which the little fan was covered, that I had put in his hands for that purpose, in order to revenge myself for some petty offence, and at the same time afford amusement to his silly competitors, and my sillier self!) when raising my eye, which danced with delight, I saw bent upon me, a pair of large dark eyes, whose glance conveyed a singular combination of contempt, admiration, and regret! that glance abashed me! I know not why, but I felt a pleasure mingled with the surprise and anger, which prompted me to bestow a look in return, which contained a larger portion of the latter quality. It had not the effect however, of producing any visible alteration in my manner; but I felt as if a heavy weight had fallen on my spirits! "This excessive gaiety oppresses me," thought I, and I sat silent for a few minutes—but I presently found myself among the waltzers joining with all my heart in the graceful movements of a Spanish contradance. And here again I encountered that same pair of black eyes which had just had the impertinence to offend me—but they now only looked a little grave and hastily retreated. If they had again offended, I verily believe I should have played him the same trick, which I remembered to have proved a great source of amusement to my childhood; (and which I at this moment felt a great desire to perform) and which was, to thrust my two fore-fingers into the two beautiful offenders; and so punish them for their audacity, by causing them to shed at least, a few repentant tears. As soon as this idea occurred, it forthwith set my risible faculties in motion, and every time I encountered them, I really forgot politeness, and the rules of society, and giggled outright—and here I must say the most silly looking thing possible, is a tittering miss! Do not frown, my dear reader! it is not pretty, (so the old folks said then, and I think now) even in a lovely, thoughtless creature like your own sweet self! However, it seemed Mr. Black-eyes had determined I should select some other pair as a subject of merriment for he afterwards kept them best upon the floor, where he seemed suddenly to have discovered something quite interesting enough to engross and rivet their attention exclusively; and did not again raise them to mine. On my return home that evening, I was really in a pet! What do you think could have rendered me so unamiable? I was angry with myself, for my absurd conduct, and I fell very angry with the black eyes! But I soon fell asleep and in my dreams they were more kind, and smiled sweetly on me—but they must have been another pair! About this time I received a letter from my charming sister, which breathed of nothing but her great desire to see me—I was delighted; and anticipated a renewal of the happy days we had passed together, with all the warm feelings of sisterly affection. There was to be a musical party, and we were to attend. The company had assembled, and the rooms were all brilliantly lighted. My attendants, as usual, flocked around me; and as usual, I was all animation!—suddenly [I don't know why] but I became tired and weary, and wished very earnestly the music would commence—now what do you think pop-

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pet in my head all at once accidently? Why those very same eyes which had so much annoyed me! and I actually turned my head round and round, in search of them. At length, I had forgotten them entirely, and was really beginning to feel sleepy; for the beaux had become so excessively dull and stupid, I had ceased to reply to their gallant speeches, or regard them at all for the last quarter of an hour; when on raising my eyes suddenly, I again met the gaze of that identical pair, fixed on me with something of the expression they wore in my dream! I have said I felt sleepy; and while in the act of raising my head, the drowsy god (which by the way was exceedingly rude in him) gave me such a twitch about the mouth, that instinctively I (yes I must tell all!) I GAPED! evidently GAPED! even while the mysterious eyes still rested upon me. Somethings are contagious and this is one; even while a smile lurked in the corner of his mouth, and (was not this the mysterious agency of sympathy—of love?) he *gaped* also! But the sweet tones of the harps reached my ear, and soon roused me to the delight of listening to my favorite instrument; and I did not require much solicitation to join my friends in the music room. In turning to leave the room a lilly of the valley, the only ornament of my hair, became displaced, and finally fell to the floor! I did not stoop to recover it, but a fugitive glance over my shoulder, shewed me the dark-eyed youth in possession of it. He will certainly keep it, thought I, and make some fine speeches to me about it "like the rest of those silly fops!" and did he? I will tell you by and by. I found my friend at the harp, and I listened, as I always did to her, with pleasure. She was an admirable performer, but she did not sing: I was now solicited to accompany her with my voice, and as I had been always in the habit of singing at exhibitions, and in large companies at school, felt not the least diffidence in complying. A murmur of applause ran round the room and reached my ear, but I felt indifferent; I felt not abashed, for I had often heard the same flattering expressions, when a successful competitor, for the prize of vocalist. Nature had given me a melodious voice, and which had been highly cultivated; and yet I sang without affectation, and with feeling! The little song Louisa had selected, was in unison with my present humor, and I almost forgot I was in presence of so many; (I was always an enthusiast in music and am so still) I heard a low voice say "ah! it cannot be! after all, there must be some heart concealed under all this flippancy!" I looked at the speaker and became confused; my voice failed, and then ceased entirely, long ere the song was concluded! My friend looked up surprised and disappointed; and finding myself an object of expectation and wonder, and hearing the word "affectation" whispered, I hastily retreated to an open window, in the adjoining room, amid the smiles and jests of all around. But none of the company present could have been more surprised than myself, at this sudden fit of diffidence! and when Louisa joined me, fearing I was sick, I was laughing heartily!

"Permit me to restore the flower which just now fell from your hair, and which I have been happy enough to preserve from premature decay." Its fragrance may perchance revive you!" and the stranger moved away ere I had time even to look a reply—I held the flower—I raised it to my nose, and the next moment the scattered leaves lay around me! I will not describe this kind of mutual and mute acquaintance—suffice it to say, a "change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and ere my visit to Louisa ——— had expired, I was the bethrothed of him, the gallant, the noble Dunmor! whose large dark eye, had at length pierced my hitherto icy heart He had but lately returned from a long cruise in the service of his country, and was now only spending a few weeks in the city, awaiting his mother's movements, to accompany her to her residence in ———. In a few days he attended his mother, and promised to be with me at my father's residence [whither I had been recalled by my father to meet my sister in the coming holidays)—almost as soon, as I reached there.

As I approached our little residence, my young sister came bounding to meet me, and although I had thought it impossible any change could have improved her appearance, I was surprised and delighted to find her still more lovely than when we parted, and her sylph-like form, moving about with aeriel motion, gave me an idea of the queen of fairies. She was now about eleven years of age, and I nearly eighteen—she was as timid as a fawn at first; but soon became as wild as myself, as soon as the slight reserve of our first meeting was over. My father looked quite as sad, as serious as ever; but he now evinced more interest in us, and often patted us each—particularly Juliet—I presume this difference was caused by the difference in our ages.

And now he came! "my beautiful, my brave!" My father knew his family well, and soon became interested in him, and although he sighed, he consented—but he first required me to swear solemnly he was the exclusive object of my affection, my own choice and selection! My little sister after her timidity had worn off, became a great pet, and in return gave him her whole soul of love! Her little troubles were always related to him, and were always listened to with pleasure; while she was assured of his protecting love over and over! I remember one day I whispered to him in jest, I "was jealous," and he laughed much at my singular suggestion, and said I might as soon fear his "own sister as a rival"—as his love for that sweet child, had "alone grown out of his attachment for me!" My father did not seem desirous we should marry soon, and although entreated continually by Dunmor to allow our union to take place immediately, continued to postpone it; and it was finally settled by him to take place the day on which I should have completed my nineteenth year; which would cause our engagement to be prolonged a year and a month, for I was not yet quite eighteen. Dunmor was dissatisfied, but compelled to acquiesce; and only ventured to solicit me to use my influence with my father, to shorten the term. But of course I could not hasten the matter, as it was his pleasure! Days and months passed, and we were still together, and still happy. I will not attempt to describe my feelings—but I loved deeply—wildly! and he! I am sure he loved me as man seldom loves.—My sister in the mean time remained at her school, and daily became more interesting in her letters. At length he received a letter—Oh! fatal letter! it contained an order from the department for him to proceed to ———, and join the frigate ———, then ready for sea, and destined for a three years cruise! The idea was death!—three years! He could not possibly think of obeying such a cruel command—so I at first thought. He was "devoted to his country" he said, "before he saw me! but I had made him a sad truant to her interest! But he would resign all right to such interest in her, for my sake; he would give up all else! ambition—fame, all! let me "say or look one approving word," and it "should be done." And did I not immediately accede?—did I not forget all else, and say "stay?" I did not! though the effort to say what I did, almost broke my heart! But I reminded him of the regret which he would too probably feel, should he resign the commission which had been bestowed on him for his zeal, and fidelity to his country, and at some future period see the companions of his past danger rising still higher in the road to fame and honor in his noble profession! I felt I had done right, but I could not help regretting my heroism as soon as he reached the city of B———, where some insidious friends had written him word I was on the eve of marriage with one of my old admirers! which story he soon after found was false, and had originated in only a few friendly visits to his cousin, Louisa B. who was then on a visit to me, and was herself engaged, and on the point of marriage with him. He pressed our speedy marriage, and preparations were already going forward. He enquired for Juliet, expressed much pleasure in hearing of her improvement in all respects, and listened to my praises with an approving smile! I never thought her the beauty that you did my Adeele, but I—I shall now think her greatly improved from your description, and shall always "love her" as the "sister of Adeele." I saw the carriage approaching which contained Juliet, and I regretted I had not detained Henry a little while longer! but he had just left the house to visit a sick friend in the neighborhood—"perhaps he might have passed them in the road," thought I, but "no," I now remembered he had gone in another direction. But Juliet to the mean time had passed rapidly through the portico, and now lay extended on the sofa. Her soft blue eyes were closed, and lay hid beneath their fair lids; while the long silken lashes kissed her pale cheek. One fair hand covered her aching brow, while the other rested in mine. I heard a step in the passage—some one approached, the door was opened gently and as gently closed again.

Juliet had fallen into a deep sleep! and I feared to turn lest I should awaken her; but a deep sigh, and an exclamation of surprise, startled me, and forgetting my caution, I spoke, and in doing so, awakened my fair sleeper. I raised my eyes, there stood Henry Dunmor, the image of despair! No word escaped him; but Juliet's eyes fell upon his form, and as I pronounced his name, one wild shriek escaped her, and falling back on the sofa I almost thought her gentle spirit had left this earth forever! "She is quite ill!" said I," and you have frightened her terribly Henry!" "Juliet!—is this Juliet?" said he, now assisting to recover her, I—I did not expect to find her so unwell. Poor Juliet! she now passed rapidly! I often hinted for a renewal of her confidence regarding her lover of music, and moonlight! but the mere mention of it seemed to agitate her slight frame to such a degree, and she seemed so desirous of avoiding the subject, I mentioned it no more! The preparation for my wedding were now completed! but I began to be seriously alarmed for Juliet's health, which visibly declined; and although she constantly assured me she was much better, I proposed postponing our marriage until she was restored to something of her former health, and spirits! to which proposal even Henry agreed without a moment's hesitation; for his interest was equal to my own—indeed at last I did not mention our marriage in the most distant allusion. I felt this delicacy, and I loved him more than ever! and I told Juliet so. Her disorder now increased to such a degree that she was seldom lifted from the sofa on which her fragile form now constantly reposed. She now urged our marriage with something almost of vehemence! and by her persuasion the day was at length fixed! the ceremony was to be performed at seven in the evening.

That day I surprised Juliet with a note, and accidently read this much, before she was aware of my approach. "I cannot—'tis impossible! I cannot think this is honour in the proper sense of the word. If you persist in requiring this hard sacrifice, I feel I shall not survive it long. Let us at once throw ourselves on her generosity, and she will not—Oh no! she will not require the fulfilment of that which would cause the death of the two she most loves. Her proud and great spirit would spurn the idea! when to remain as we are, with all explained—we may be happy yet, or at least peaceful."

She seemed confused—I thought it strange she should still refuse me her confidence, and I felt a little resentment, but when I looked at her thin pale cheek and emaciated form, I forgot it all, and began to hope she might yet live, and realize the happiness this communication seemed to promise. The evening arrived which was to make me the wife of Henry Dunmor! I was already arrayed in my bridal dress and was led into the parlour by Henry, who first embraced me as tenderly and warmly, as during our first days of courtship! assuring me of his love and wish to devote himself in future to my happiness; spoke of my constancy—"hoped" he might repay me for all my "affection"—was sure "twas his great desire to do so!"—asked eagerly for Juliet, and seeing her borne in by my father snatched her from his arms and bore her to the sofa, and pressing her to his heart, ere he relinquished her, again and again, said, I "will now in a few moments be your brother Juliet! I therefore have a claim to this privilege! and pressing his to her immoveable and statue-like lips, resigned her carefully to the sofa. There was an unnatural brightness in his eye, as he assured me with a wild laugh I looked quite "as beautiful as I did the first time his eyes had given me that sad scolding—which I must now forgive!" The ceremony commenced—Henry after being several times reminded of his duty, in a tremulous tone pronounced the vows which made us man and wife! as the last words of the minister died away, a faint sigh from Juliet attracted Henry towards her, we hastened to her, and the life had indeed fled! I turned to my husband: but the blood gushed from his nose, his mouth, and nostrils. "Oh! Juliet, Juliet! I have murdered thee!—Oh! Adeele—my wife! my love—but not my only love! the lost—and he pointed to the dead form of Juliet—Oh, God! Oh, God—and expired! He had broken a blood vessel: Reason left me, and for many years I did not remember aught of the tragic occurrences of that night! when I did at length awake from my long dream of woe, my father had been dead some time; and it was not until years after, I was permitted to listen to a tale of sorrow, which accounted for his melancholy! or ere I learned, that my long bethrothed, and Juliet's hero were one and the same individual! It was indeed, not until I had become a christian; and was enabled to bear the recital of my sorrows with the calmness of christian faith! *I am a widowed bride*, but do not sorrow without *hope!*

ROSA L. DERWOOD.

THE STUDENT.

———Dociles imitanda,
Turpibus ac pravis, omnes admonuit.—HOR.

In his lone garret, from the haunts of men,
And from the world's dark vices, and its strife,
Alone and pale, Hilario with his pen,
Sat musing mournfully o'er human life:
A grey hair from his head before him lay,
Pluck'd from his temple, the index of time:
But thirty years of life had pass'd that day,
And yet he bore the marks of middle prime;
Sad were his musings, yet instructive and sublime.

He mourned not that the years o' life had past,
But that they bore his hopes and joys away;
He mourned not that a student's lot was cast
For him—but yet he mourned o'er the decay;
And most of all, that boyhood's blis-ful day
And dazzling dreams, were o'er, left, alas, behind;
That the increase of knowledge should repay
But discontent and sorrow to the mind,
Instead of virtuous hopes and brilliant thoughts refined.

Hilario wept—down his pale cheek a tear
A moment glistened, at the thought, that he
With all his learning, gathered far and near,
To disappointment and a slave should be.
He was unhappy, tho' the world could see
No cause, in one so skilled in wisdom's lore;
Alas! how little does the world agree
In the purport of bliss—how small the store,
In minds that muse, we think, possess the more.

In Virtue only, happiness is found;
In all things else a phantom we but find—
A gay illusion of the sight, or sound—
A meteor only of the morbid mind—
A bubble, floating on the idle wind,
With all Heaven's rainbow hues around it o'er it cast;
The breaks, the moment we attempt to bind
The gaz'ing globe, or hold the phantom fast;
And thus we pine, o'er all the crush'd enjoyments of the past.

'Twas thus Hilario mused, and yet he sought
In outward things, the happiness unknown;
A small m ght be ambition's store have bought,
Or hoped to find the boon upon a throne,
For Alexander, with a world his own,
Less happy than the ragged Cynic seems,
Who crawling from his tub, desired alone
(No Alexander's g fts,) the sun's warm beams;
Thus happiness was his, ay, even in his dreams.

Upon the banks of the old Tiber, where
Rome stands, the mouldering monument of time,
Moving upon the ruins scattered there,
Of splendid temples, and of tombs sublime.
Hilario wandered in a foreign clime,
Escaped from books, and from his studious toil,
Yet studying Nature in her gayest prime,
With as intent anxiety, as while
In his lone garret, he sat o'er the midnight oil.

The wonders of the Vatican, the art
Of ancient sculpture, and of painting, here
Sent no deep thrill of happiness to his heart:
Nor Venus, nor the Apollo Belvidere,
Could dissipate the starting, straying tear,
That cold too plainly of a heart distress'd;
Tho' oft a voice had in his bosom sear,
Whispered of them, and gave his sighs no rest;
And oft in boyhood's dreams his fan'cies had prest'd,

Its galleries of art, and learning's fanes,
And in the Coliseum's solitude,
Where gladiators fought, and rushing chains,
And shrieks, and dying groans, and streaming blood
Made sport for thousands—there Hilario stood,
Pond'ring upon a people, wise, yet wild,—
A people skill'd in all, or great, or good,
Whose shelves were with the world's deep learning piled,
Yet savage as the wolf, and simple as a child.

Where once the Forum stood, Hilario trite
And grand upon the creeping things around
Dreaming of Cicero's unhappy fate—
And Tully's tongue, and eloquence profound:
How changed!—patricians tread not now the ground,
The bullock grazes where great Tully spoke,
And lizards crawl on crumbling columns round,
Teaching the student, as his deep dream broke,
How fall the works of man before time's ruthless stroke.

He roused, and as he passed, in pomp the Pope
Passed onward to St. Peter's splendid hall;
Legate of Heaven, and harbinger of hope:
And does Religion thus her grandeur call?
Hilario ask'd—and in yon temple tall,
Is Christ, the lowly, pleased with glittering garbs!
Before the sculptor's art, to feel and fall?
In God well pleased? or think ye He applauds
The mummeries of man, or counts them all as frauds?

Hilario mused upon Religion's light,
Deified, tho' still the same, tho' still defiled;
And o pere ray illum'd his mind's dark night,
Revealing bliss, so by the world reviled:
And lo! his heart's neglected wild
With flowers broke forth, and nature smiled again.
The man of wisdom was again a child,
The bliss he from the world had sought in vain,
Now came, even like the moonlight on the midnight plain.

Creation brighten'd round him, and the hills
Of Italy and Egypt glorious grew—
The works of art, sent to his soul those thrills
Of rapture, which be never, never knew,
For oh their contemplation led his view
Up to the Being who formed them all.
And now Hilario wonder'd, that he drew
Pure happiness from things that erst would pall
Upon his marbled mind, and leave him tired of all.

From Europe's shores he turned, and backward traced
His steps, to that lone garret, happy now;
There from his heart each evil thought erased,
And bound his soul with Virtue's sacred vow;
Before his God his knee in truth to bow,
And to confess each fault. He lives in peace,
That all his learning never could bestow,
A bliss the world e'en never did to cease,
And which he sought in vain in all the charms of Italy and Greece.

MILFORD BARD.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Original.

ON AFFLICTIONS, TO A FRIEND.

When hope is gone and dark despair succeeds,
Melancholy brings to recollection all our deeds,
How oft in gay attire and splendid show—
Gaily we lead men to the ball-room go;
To join with mirth, whose soft delusive powers,
Oft steal the heart from wisdom's brighter hours.
Which calm religion would with care bestow,
On weak and erring mortals here below.
But when misfortunes lend the truthful emissaries mark
That he does use; and love—even love—must submit
To the cold decision of a well regulated clock. Lover may seem at delays that barely exist, and protest that hours gone by are yet to come; but that dull, insensible minute of time looks on unmoved by his passion.

An Ambitious and Cruel Mother.—Maria Theresa, Empress of Germany, cared little about the happiness of her children, provided she could strengthen her own interest by means of the matrimonial alliances she formed for them. With this mercenary view she had promoted a marriage between her daughter Josepha and a son of the king of Naples. The ceremony was performed by proxy, when the Empress took occasion to sound her daughter as to how far she felt inclined to aid her designs in the court of Naples. "Scripture says," replied the princess, "that when a woman is married, she belongs to the country of her husband." "But the policy of state?" exclaimed Maria Theresa. "Is that above religion?" asked the princess. This unexpected answer, (says the generous Soulavie) was so totally opposite to the views of the Empress, that she was for a considerable time undecided whether she would allow her daughter to depart, till, worn out by perplexities, she at last consented, but bade the arch duchess, previous to setting off for the country of her husband, to go down to the tombs, and, in the vaults of her ancestors, offer up to heaven a fervent prayer for the departed souls of those she was about to leave. Only a few days before that, a princess had been buried in the vaults, who had died of small pox. The arch duchess Josepha obeyed her imperial mother's cruel commands, took leave of all her friends and relations, as if conscious of the result, caught the same disease, and in a few days died! After this, the Empress made her daughter Caroline her sister's substitute, and acquired the influence she so much desired at the court of Naples.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

SECOND MARRIAGES.—The Ephesian women that the soldier told of in Petronius, was the talk of all the town, and the rarest example of a decent affection to her husband. She descended with the corpse into the vault, and there, being attended with her maiden, resolved to weep to death or die with famine or a disinterested sorrow; from which resolution, nor his nor her friends, nor the reverence of the principal citizens, who used the entreaties of their charms and their power, could persuade her. But a soldier that watched over dead bodies hanging upon trees just over against this monument, crept in, and awhile stared upon the silent and comely disorders of the sorrows; and having let the wonder awhile breathe out at each other's eyes, at last he fetched his supper and a bottle of wine, with purpose to eat and drink, and still to feed himself, with set pertinacy. His pity and first draught of wine made him bold and curious to try if the maid would drink; who, having many hours seen left her resolution faint as her wearied body, took his kindness, and the light returned into her eyes, and danced like boys in a tempest; and fearing lest the pertinaciousness of her mistress's sorrows should cause her evil to revert, or her absence to approach, assaying whether she would endure to hear an argument to persuade her to drink and live. The violent passion had laid all her spirits in wildness and disolution, and the maid found them willing to be gathered into order by the artest of any new object, being weary of the first, of which like leeches they had sucked their fill till they fell down and burst. The weeping woman took her cordial, and was not angry with her maid, and heard the soldier talk. And he was pressed with the charge, that he, who at first loved the silence of the sorrow, was more in love with the music of her returning voice, or else all which himself had strung and put in tune; and the man began to talk amorously, and the woman's weak head and heart were soon possessed with a little wine, and grew gay, and talked and fell in love; and that very night, in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, to the pomp of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

ADVICE TO A LADY.—This was given by the housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who at last had among us of entering into holy bonds:—"Take my advice, and never marry, ma'am. Now you lay down master, and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage, ma'am, he snapped me because I put my cold feet to his's. You don't know men, ma'am, so well as I do."

Extract from the new novel of "Anne Grey."

PLEASURE.—It is difficult to say what pleasure means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every different person. Pleasure to a country Miss, just come out, means a "race ball, and so many partners that she has danced till she can hardly stand." Pleasure to an aspirant after fashion, means "a card for Devonshire house, or a nod from Lady ———." Pleasure to a school boy means "tying a string to his school fellow's tail when he is asleep, and putting it till he wakes him." Pleasure to a man of inquiring mind means "a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off." Pleasure to a man of taste means "a first rate *artiste*, and a good dinner." Pleasure to a laboring man means "doing nothing." Pleasure to a fine lady means "nay-

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ing something to do to drive away the time." Pleasure to an antiquarian means "an elegant inscription." Pleasure to a connoisseur means "a dark, invisible, very fine picture." Pleasure to a philosopher, a modern philosopher, a young philosopher, means "likes, nothing, despising every thing, and proving every one a simpleton except himself." Pleasure to a beggar means "a sovereign by mistake, instead of a shilling." Pleasure to a sailor, "a fresh breeze and a sight of land." Pleasure to the afflicted, "a truce." Pleasure to the weary, "rest of all troubles," "the last word in an argument." Pleasure to the social, "the human face divine." Pleasure to the miser, "I pity no one's need for the next six months." Pleasure to an author, "a last page of his manuscript. Blessed pleasure!" Pleasure to all, to every one, in their own way, and that way a different one.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

There are spirits above! there are spirits below!
The Air, and Earth, have they none?
There's a something that haunts me wherever I go,
O why may not this be one?

At home, or abroad, or awake, or in dreams,
It is with me in mirth, or in rage;
It has eyes of fire, and a lip, that seems
As lovely as angels are!

Then its voice (O! its depths) is forever rich,
With its strange and mysterious sounds;
And my heart, when it speaks, like a bird, would fly
And burst from its prison bounds!

Now gay, and now wild, are its passion-like notes,
All feeling—all hope—all desire—
And my brain it runs mad with the bursting thoughts
That kindle at its fire.

Anon 'tis all tenderness—softness—its tones
So dim-like, so mournfully low,
That my pulse like the sad feeling unconsciously owns,
And painfully beats, and slow.

Yet, O! how I love its mad visits; they seem
Like the dreams of Love's rosiest hours;
And they light up Life's path with a fairy-like gleam
That turns e'en its thorns to flowers! ESSEX.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A TALE OF THE CHOLERA.

A FRAGMENT.

The last of the beings with whom he could claim the tie of relationship, was buried. His sister, a beautiful and amiable girl; one of those mild and lovely beings whose souls seem united with the purest feelings of human nature, and whose affections flow forth toward all animated things, as though they claimed affinity with all living;—and to their friends, who have by kind associations become endeared to them, has no bounds, and on whom their love is poured forth in every act—in the thousand little circumstances of life is blended and shown, as that even a sigh would be constrained to acknowledge, that there is pure, disinterested love in human nature. Such a sister he had that day buried.

The evening before had seen her among the sick and the dying, moving like a redeeming spirit, amid the horrors of the cholera plague—but ere the morning sun arose and she was a corpse in the arms of her brother. He had that night returned from sea, ignorant of the pestilence being in the city, and full of tranquil anticipations of pleasures in meeting his mother and sister. He entered his home, it seemed deserted. He ascended the stairs, no one came to meet him. He rushed on through the chambers to his sister's apartment, and saw a female form apparently at the last gasp of life, writhing in agony, and no one near; he staggered forward—it was his sister, the gentle Mary. She knew him; and he raised her in his arms, and wildly, madly pressed her to his bosom, she smiled a welcome even at the death throw.

The high hopes of the future which he had entertained for her; his thoughts which had long seemed vividly with fond dreams of happiness in store for her, were at once blasted. He sank under the stroke and no longer wished to live. Oh who can depict the agony of that brother! Who delineate the sending away of the visions of hope, and pride, and pleasure, which he had so ardently nourished for his "angelic one" as he fondly called her! She was the object for which he lived: the vital principle of his existence; his sun and guide. But he was not alone. Ellred Mason, his fellow voyager for many years, had accompanied him to his home, had seen its desolation, and the sad meeting with his dying sister. He had been a sorrowful witness of the death of the lovely, and of the stricken heart of the strong. He did not attempt the fruitless task of consolation—it would have been but mockery—but he prepared for the sad duties of burial.

She lay beneath the green turf; the dews of one night had moistened her grave. Rupert, the brother, was stretched on the same bed on which she lay the day before; the plague had scattered on him; he welcomed it as a boon; he rejoiced at the prospect of again joining his beloved sister. But he felt for his companion, and turning to him, said "Leave me Elfred—do not, oh do not stay where it is almost certain death—I conjure thee by our friendship, to fly from this spot of pestilence, and do not embitter my last moments with the thought, that for me you are exposing yourself to an ago nizing, oh! a horrible death."

Motionless, almost breathless, Elfred stood, while he listened to these words, but when he perceived that Rupert paused for his to swell, a smile lit up his lip;—a shade of sorrow, but fixed resolve. Grasping the hand of his friend he replied—"Rupert, remember! when the first voyage we sailed together? It is many years since. Extreme danger then threatened us, nought appeared to save: all but us two were washed from the wreck: none were with us but God. In his sight, on the bosom of the wide ocean, we clasped hands, and pledged ourselves devotedly to each other. We swore to be brothers, to be united till death. We escaped.—Since then we have met adversity; we have fought in the battle field, we have again been on the deck of the storm-driven ship, when the sky was black above, and the sea lashed to foam beneath us. When oppressed, vilified, persecuted and condemned by men, we have been true to each other, our hearts firmly linked, our love surpassing that of women. And now at the last scene, when I have witnessed your affections, and life and its torments are about closing on you, you bid me leave you! You are the only one for whom I have cared for years, you are my only friend: and do you think I would forsake you now? No! Let it be certain death—it is my wish; we will go together we will not separate; we are one."

Rupert and Elfred were found lying on one bed, fast locked in the embrace of death. Unlike many others, the two friends were not separated by the cholera plague! O. P. Q.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TRANQUILITY.

One day brings on another day, one year follows another; let us take the times as it comes. A hundred years of trouble are not worth a day of tranquility. The source of pleasures is in our heart; be who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. My projects, my desires, and my hopes never go beyond my own bosom. Rivers roll rapidly to the sea and enter there in without troubling it; my heart is the same; all the events of the great world do not cost me a single care. Truth is my compass and moderation my helm. I advance on any way, whatever wind may blow. The clouds arise and descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to view the stars by night. The swallow in her safe nest sees with tranquil eye the bloody combats of the vulture. Let who will conquer, the corn ever will not molest her; and the little flies never tail her. My clothes are made of common cloth, my food is coarse, and the thatch which covers my hut decays every year. But what would it be to me to-morrow to have been dressed in silk to day, and to have digested costly dishes? Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily can I gain my humble door! My patrimony is my hand, which every day gives me its harvest. When it is hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree, and when cold, I warm myself working. Old age is a coming upon me; but my children are young, and will repay me for all I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquility is a port always open to the innocent heart. Had tranquility of the soul! sweet charm of life! kings would sell their crowns to buy thee, if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits; thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well.—*Translation of a Chinese poem, attributed to a celebrated Doctor named Lem.*

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Life is a fountain fed by a thousand streams which perish if one be dried; it is a silver c

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, March 14.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 26 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post office the papers are received.

Fresh Shad were served up at the Philadelphia Hotel, kept by Messrs. Brower and Barnum, on Thursday last.

The following communication from Mr. Page, has an allusion to his great work, entitled "Liber Vitæ," which will make its appearance in a few days, and will explain the numerous extraordinary calculations and combinations made by him. These exhibit astonishing coincidences with certain periods named in scriptural history—some of which he elucidates in a singularly felicitous manner.

AN EGYPTIAN PYRAMID OF TIME.—Triangle, *Anno Mundi* 5840, (in A. D. 1836;) square, its double, 11,680;—this square's circle in Dr. Franklin's magic circle of circles, or half the well-known 25,920. Consequently, 5840 being equal to 360 times Chaldea's Saros 18, (the quadrant of 25,920,) next year is inevitably *the second advent or coming of Messiah*, because *then* a quadrant of Ptolo's great year has been measured by the recess of the equinoxes, and a fourth part of our globe so navigated, that a season of said year at that date vanishes away for ever, and for aye like evanescent yesterday.

EDWARD POSTLETHWAIT PAGE.

Philada., March 11th, 1835.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE INSURGENTS,"

An historical novel, which was announced as in preparation some time since, has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

It will be read with some interest by all who wish to acquire more concise information upon the subject here treated of, than is to be found in other works, as in many cases historical facts are developed, which the author has evidently been at some pains to collect The story is founded upon the insurrection in Massachusetts, during the year 1786, known more generally as "Shay's War," which was similar, in some of its features at least, to the rising of the "Whiskey Boys" in Pennsylvania.

The Yankee author (for that he is a Yankee, no one can doubt who observes with what *vraisemblance* he uses the vernacular idiom of that people) has given a very amusing detail of the facts connected with that struggle, which cannot fail to prove entertaining. Occasionally he deviates from the regular course of his narrative to deal a few thrusts at the popular foibles of the present day, as severe as they are merited, in which the fashion of making long winded speeches comes in for a share. *Match seeking* and *match making* with their etceteras, are to be found *of course*. We think that as an American book, independent of its other good qualities, it ought to find many readers.

The American Magazine, for January, has just appeared. It contains a number of embellishments, and several useful and entertaining articles.

We do not remember a period when the press has been so teemed and been as likely to produce such delightful fruit as at present.

Carey, Lea and Blanchard have nearly ready, and will publish immediately, the anxiously looked for work of Washington Irving, his "*Tour to the Prairies.*"

The new work by the author of "The Spy," is also in their press, and we understand will be called the "*Mannikins.*" It will prove a very interesting book. They have also a new work by the author of "*Sleath-ton Barn.*" Those who have read the MSS. pronounce it to be even superior to the former work. It is called "*Horse-shoe Robinson,*" a tale of the tory ascendency. "*Julian Farquharson,*" or "*The Confessions of a Poet,*" is full of beautiful and impassioned language and is perhaps superior to the author's former work, "*Sixty Years of the Life of Jeremy Lewis,*" *The Journal of Mrs. Butler, (late Miss Kemble)* is now making rapid progress. It is nearly all printed and the public will very shortly be in possession of this lady's opinions of what has passed under her notice. "*The Infidel,*" by Dr. Bird, the successful author of "*Calavar,*" is in a state of forwardness, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the public.

A beautiful little work similar to the "Souvenirs," embellished with coloured flowers, and called "*The Language of Flowers,*" will be ready in a few days. "*The Book of Science,*" is nearly through the same press. It is illustrated with numerous beautiful wood cuts, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the youthful inquiring mind. It immediately passed to a second edition in London. "*The Correspondence of Bishop Jebb, with Alexander Knox,*" will prove an important addition to the libraries of the more reflecting. It is said to be a work of great interest.

To the above may be added the very important historical works, "*Mackintosh's History of the Revolution of 1688,*" and "*Simonde's History of Rome,*—the whole being in the press of Carey, Lea and Blanchard.

JACK KETCH.

Among the new publications on our table, we find a volume entitled "The Auto-biography of Jack Ketch," the cognomen of which certainly promises something out of the ordinary line, as it is evident that the reminiscences of a hangman must teem with incidents of deep interest, to all who expect ever to need his friendly services. Touching the general character of the work, we have but little to say in the way of encomium. The forty or fifty pages that we have found leisure to peruse, we found lively, and interspersed with occasional sallies of humour. The sketch of the auto-biographer's parentage is detailed with much apparent faithfulness, but we cannot say that we admire the moral tendency of his "first impressions" on being introduced into good society, the purlieus of Newgate prison.

The work is for sale at the book store of Carey, Lea Blanchard.

LIFE OF SAMUEL DREW.

From the prolific press of the Harpers, we have another new work, purporting to be "The Life, Character and Literary Labours of Samuel Drew, A. M., by his eldest son." Its pages have afforded us a very agreeable recreation, if only on account of the contrast in the character of this and other recent publications. Mr. Drew, whose biography is sketched with an amplitude that reflects the highest credit on the industry and research of his son, was originally a poor cobbler, and from that humble station, rose, by his own unaided efforts, to the highest stations in the religious and literary world. At an early age, he began to read and to reflect, and the detail of incidents connected with his outward progress—the improvement of his mind—the gradual expansion of his mental faculties, and his eagerness in endeavouring to comprehend fresh subjects of thought, are in the highest degree interesting. Drew was a Methodist, and the simplicity of his character appears to have rendered him peculiarly useful as a labourer in that society. He was a contemporary with Adam Clarke and other distinguished Methodists, whose entire confidence and esteem he enjoyed, and with whom he was in constant correspondence.

The religious reader, and all who are ambitious of large and extended usefulness, will be pleased with this work. It teaches by example, in pointing out the road to renown, pursued by one whose opportunities for improvement, in early life, were indeed "few and far between."

We have not space this week for a long extract, but copy the following, with a view of exhibiting one peculiarity in Mr. Drew's character:

In the *training of his children*, though he did not at all times spare the rod, he seldom resorted to it—knowing that its frequent use blunts the finer feelings and sensibilities of our nature, and degrades the child into the mere animal. His reluctance to adopt coercive measures, may be inferred from the following singular and amusing agreement with one of his boys, who inherited much of his youthful temper. The instrument was found among his papers, formally engrossed on parchment, and attested by the signatures of several witnesses:

"I, —— Drew, of the parish of St. Austell, in the county of Cornwall, do of my own free consent, promise unto my father, Samuel Drew, and unto my mother, Honour Drew, and the family, that I will endeavour to behave in a much better manner in future than I have behaved during the last year. I will engage not to run into the streets when they forbid me; nor to wander beyond the limits which they shall point out. When I have liberty to go out, I will endeavour to avoid such company as they dislike, to leave off speaking bad words, and to keep my clothes as clean as I can, as well as scrape my shoes whenever I come into the house. I also promise that I will be as peaceable as I am at home; that I will not be noisy or troublesome as I have been, nor keep my tongue a-going about things which do not concern me: that I will not leave the doors open when I pass in or out, nor shut them in a noisy manner, nor go up stairs with my dirty shoes, especially when I am told not to do so. I also promise that I will go quietly to bed in the evenings, when I am desired, without being troublesome to the person who may put me; and in all other things show, to the utmost of my power, that reformation has taken place in my behaviour. In consideration of the above conditions being fulfilled, it is promised, on the part of Samuel Drew, that neither he nor any other person shall beat —— Drew, or give him unpleasant language, but treat him with tenderness and love, according to his good conduct. And it is furthermore promised unto —— Drew, that during the whole time of his good behaviour, he shall receive (besides his usual pocket money) one penny weekly, which, with any other money that he may choose to bring, shall be lodged in his father's hands, until a sum be saved sufficient to buy a watch. To enter the above sums, a book shall be kept by his father, in which they shall be regularly inserted, which book —— Drew shall see whenever he shall so request. For the due performance of the above conditions, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this first day of January, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, from which day this agreement is to take place.

" —— * DREW,
" SAMUEL * DREW,
" HONOUR * DREW.

* Signed, sealed, and delived (being first duly stamped) in the presence of
" A. B." &c. &c.

THE REBEL, &c.

The Harpers, of New York, have just published, in one volume, the hitherto uncollected writings of E. L. Bulwer, author of Pelham, &c. The leading article is a poem of some length, called "O'Neill, or the Rebel," founded upon deeply interesting incidents in Irish history. The next in importance is the fragment of the tragedy of Eugene Aram, the origin of Bulwer's novel of that name; and the next, Bulwer's celebrated letter to a late Cabinet Minister, on the politics of Great Britain. This letter has passed through about twenty editions in London, in the course of a few weeks. Besides these the volume contains Arnamanes, and the choice of Phylias, two well written tales, and several short articles of poetry. This book will enable publishers to complete their editions of Mr. Bulwer's writings, and it will no doubt be sought after with eagerness by the numerous admirers of that great novelist's genius. We copy the annexed very pretty poetic trifle.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE VIOLETS.*

By the silent foot of the shadowy hill
We slept in our green retreats,
And the April showers were wont to fill
Our hearts with sweets;

And though we lay in a lowly bower,
Yet all things loved us well,
And the waking bee left its fairest flower
With us to dwell.

But the warm May came in his pride to woo
The wealth of our virgin store,
And our hearts just felt his breath—and knew
Their sweets no more!

And the summer reigns on the quiet spot
Where we dwell—and its suns and showers
Bring balm to our sisters' hearts—but not—
Oh! not—to *ours!*

We live—we bloom—but for ever o'er
Is the charm of the earth and sky—
To our life, ye heavens, that balm restore—
Or—bid us die!

* Which lose their scent in May.

THE MAYOR OF WIND-GAP.

We have been favoured by Mr. H. Perkins with a new work from the press of the *Harpers*, entitled "*The Mayor of Wind-Gap,*" by the *O'Hara Family.* It is an agreeably told story, abounding with traits of Irish superstition, and a humorous detail of the "mother wit" of the peasantry—depicting the warm hearted feelings that sway the motives of an Irishman, and the gossiping propensities that cause him to make the business of his neighbour his own. Banim is well known as the writer of a number of popular novels, and we can say, that the work before us will in no wise destroy his reputation, as a faithful chronicler of Irish legendary and lore.

Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard have just published an edition of the same work.

To the mansion of the mayor (by-the-way, we have lately sketched a mayor of a town and his sergeant, but trusting to the total dissimilarity between them and our present subjects, we cannot resist the temptation of presenting our readers with a companion-picture to the former one,) to the mansion of the mayor Roger wended his way. It was at that time the good old practice of the chief magistrates of the city to hold their court wherever they pleased, and their private dwellings were, during their term of office, often transformed, therefore, into halls of justice.—Wind and weather permitting, our present mayor decided all cases in the open air, at least so far as regarded the position of the plaintiffs and defendants before him. The house, occupied about fifty years ago by his worship, is now in existence, and whoever thinks then have been thought of it, appears to us a very mean edifice, only two stories high, and the whole of its first floor, as was also the case in Roger Divey's day, used as a shop of which the little bow-window still holds, we are assured by very old people, the self same (to all appearance at least) red-herrings, tallow candles, rows of tobacco, decanters of spirits, tea-canisters, and so forth, and so forth, which it did in the eighteenth century.

One-half of the mayor's shop-door was raised up on hinges, and hooked against the ceiling; the top edge of the other half served as a rest-a-place for his round elbows, when in an attitude half-standing, half-bending, and mainly supported by those elbows, he discharged his judicial functions; the complaining and the answering parties being assembled meantime, as we before premised, in the street. By the charter of the city we treat of, it is decreed that "wise, discreet citizens" shall be chosen to fill the several municipal officers; but unluckily, the instrument gives no datum by which one may ascertain what is to be considered wisdom and discretion in the said city; so that these qualities, legally specified as indispensable, have from time to time been very differently exemplified in very different individuals.

Roger Divey had been dubbed "yallow Roger;" his worship the mayor, who, on the arbitrary word of the interpreters of the charter, "was a wise and discreet citizen," had also received a surname, that of "alderman split-fig;" because, when weighing a penny-worth of figs in his shop, he would divide one of them into four parts, rather than give weight beyond the legal complement. He had contrived, however, to amass a considerable sum of money (considerable, according to his time and position,) chiefly by these very saving talents; and we will at once admit that there can be no more valuable quality than the aptitude to get rich; and that it is our belief that, by the sense of all the world, as well as by that of his constituents, our present mayor gave, in the length of his purse, proof positive of "wisdom and discretion."

When Roger Divey arrived at the mayor's place of audience, a crowd of suitors had assembled in the street, around the half-door or hatch-way. At the appearance of the influential officer, all instantly flocked to him, and all began in the same breath, to relate their different grievances, or put forward their different defences. Roger authoritively silenced this clamour, mingled out the opposing parties, and led them each in turn, into a lane that turned off at the corner of the mayor's dwelling. There he listened to charge and reply; cried, ha! ha! hem! at proper intervals; occasionally nodded his sage head; most condescendingly glanced out of the corner of his eye into the palm of his hand, to ascertain the relative amount of each fee; for Roger was always retained on both sides; and the cases in this initiatory court were adjourned on the first instance to the greasy counter in the mayor's shop, where, before real trial, Roger further received from each disputant a little consolation, in the shape of a glass of the peculiar kind of spirituous liquor which, by anxious calculation, could be concluded most acceptable to his palate; one giving him half a "noggin" of gin and bitters, another a dram of brandy, another a modicum of purl and gill, and so on; and all this while Roger left his group of clients doubtful of the side he should ultimately take.

There was a second adjournment into the street; the half-door was again closed and bolted, and at length his worship appeared to his crowded court, leaning over it. His wig not being ready dressed, a red woolen night-cap covered his bald head, and an ample outside coat, sufficiently ample even for his dimensions, hung cloak-wise from his shoulders, its sleeves falling down his back; and we vault over his hatch-way, and land in his shop, to add that the knees of his black plush breeches were, even at this hour of the morning yet unbuttoned; that his broad red garters, which lapped over in many folds, to tighten his light-blue stockings, were visible a little above the round of his leg; and that his feet were in comfortable linen slippers.

His worship was stricken in years; low, stout and, indeed undignified in figure; the opposite, in fact, of his chief officer; and a pair of large, gray protruding eyes, a broad flat nose; an under lip so conveniently pushing out as to afford a comfortable resting-place for its upper one, and altogether a round plump face, showed little of a physiognomonical corroboration of the evidence supplied on a certain point, by his lung purse.

Giving his loose outside coat a twitch, in order to settle it round his shoulders, and then folding it comfortably under his arms, he leaned, as usual, both his elbows on the edge of the half-door, and quietly turned his leaden eyes up and down the street.

"The top o' the mornin' to your worship," began Roger, snatching off his three-cocked hat, scraping his hob-nailed brogues along the pavement, and accompanying this movement by a corresponding bend in his lathy figure.

"A good morning to you, kindly, Roger," answered his worship, his gurgling voice making way with difficulty through his short round throat; "and what thrials comes on to-day, Roger?"

In practical answer to this query, Roger at once proceeded in his accustomed capacity of counsel for and against. He brought forward plaintiffs and defendants in turn: he detailed, with great deliberation and much ostensation of manner, various cases, with the replies to each; and now it was that the amount of a fee had due effect. If, during his recital, the party whose advocate he had for the moment become, found himself misrepresented, and endeavoured in consequence to interrupt the statement, his worship interposed, saying, with great quietude and complacency, "Asy now, asy! and let Roger tell it;" occasionally, however, the mayor turned his eye heavily upon Roger's client, with an expression which indicated a sluggish wish to comprehend the orator's entanglement of a plain story, had heaven but blessed him with a due quantum of "wisdom and discretion." But if, in reply to such mute appeals, the plaintiff began to speak, the defendant was sure to start against him at the same moment, with the utmost power of his lungs and ingenuity; at which his worship's perplexity becoming trebled, he was glad to fall back upon Roger's single nazzle; and his "Asy, asy now, good people, leave it to Roger"—would a-ton stop all clamour; for Roger scarce ever failed to impose silence under the good magistrate's authority.

"Well, Roger, and what do you think about it?" his worship would ask when both stories were recapitulated over and over; and Roger summing up evidence in a masterly style, gave a decision, which the mayor instantly adopted as his own. Many aggrieved person, hearing to expostulate—"Go your ways, go your ways, my good man"—was the signal for Roger to force off the grumbling suitor. Nor could the mayor be in any instance accused of injustice; for although his judgements were most frequently absurd, his intentions bore him harmless. It was not his fault that Roger's superior genius should keep his mind in leading-strings; and we must therefore in candour visit upon Roger exclusively the faulty administration of justice in this rather slovenly court.

One man, among the complainants of the morning, seemed bursting with the magnitude of the case he had come to put forward, and with the intensity of the feeling it excited in his breast. Frequently he advanced to begin his story; but Roger invariably thrust him back to make way for others. In fact, whether from indigence, or because he regarded his grievance as sufficiently great to command immediate and full attention, this person had given Roger no retainer.—But at length, every excuse for further delay was exhausted and Roger could only look up and down the street in expectation of George Blundell's appearance; and, finally, as that young gentleman choose to absent himself altogether, very contrary to the hopes of the venal advocate, the mayor's sergeant determined to plead forcibly against him, merely that his services might in future be more properly estimated.

"Plaze your worship," said Roger, "there is one Juff Carroll, d'ye see me; and he's from the Wind-gap abroad there, your worship; and he lives in his little cabin there, industherin' for his bread, d'ye see me; and we can put in bail, your worship, that he's an honest hand-working creature of a man; and, by coorse, 'twas last night your worship—"

"Lest an hour afore the dawn of day," cried the applicant, "when my darlin' Peggy and myself came home from the bonfire on Wind-gap hill; and we sed our little prayers, and went to our beds."

"Wisht, wisht, Juff Carrol," interrupted Roger.

"Asy, asy now, my honest man! and let Roger tell it to me," decided the mayor: we would vary his phraseology, but that by so doing we should not be true to our original; for he invariably made use of the same words on similar occasions; as if life, time, breath, and above all things, intellect, were things too precious to be squandered on the vain attempt of trying to express the same thought in two different ways.

"This poor honest Juff Carroll," resumed Roger, "who is here standing afore your worship in the height of trouble, d'ye see me—he has a purty daughter, a purty honey, d'ye see me, your worship."

"Is she a purty honey, indeed, Roger?" his worship was always moved when Roger became oratorical.

"Oh! where's my Peggy now?" ejaculated the bereaved parent, "where have they dragged her, from the father that doated on her, in his heart within him?"

"And you were fond of her in your heart, my poor man?" demanded the mayor, surprising all who heard him, with the abundance of his speech; but he had a daughter too.

"Why shouldn't I, your worship? she was my only child! and the mother of her left her to me on the bed where she was born! the light o' my eyes she was upon my flure, the comfort of my days!"

"Wisht, wisht now Juff Carroll," interrupted the sergeant, getting jealous of nature's spontaneous eloquence.

"Yes, asy, my good man, asy now," added the mayor, brushing the tears from his eyes, "asy, and let Roger tell it."

Accordingly Roger resumed, "'Twas last night, d'ye see me, your worship, that the burglary and threspass was done on poor Juff Carrol; they broke open the dowr of his cabin, *why at arums*, d'ye see me, your worship, and the little daughter was taken, forced, and carried away from him."

"Dear me, dear me," sympathized the mayor, "and tell me, Roger, does this honest poor man know the people that done the burglary and threspass on him? hey, Roger?"

"I do, I do know," answered the father, too rapidly for Roger's interference; "I'd all as one swear my book-oath, that the man that shtruck me down was the shtrange man of the Inch, and among the other men that were helpin' him, I'll swear there was one man, wearin' the same cloak and the same hat that young George Blundell had upon him, when I saw him in the shtrange man's company at the bon-fire; the time that the shtrange man frightened my poor Peggy by his unmannerly behaver to her, and by his evil words in her ear."

"What does he mane by the shtrange man o' the Inch, Roger?" asked the mayor.

"Why, your worship, isn't out of your knowledge that there is one dangerous tory of a man livin' at the wicked ould house at the Inch, abroad there; and he's —— *what does he mane by the shtrange man o' the Inch, Roger?*" asked the mayor.

"Why, your worship, isn't out of your knowledge that there is one dangerous tory of a man livin' at the wicked ould house at the Inch, abroad there; and he's a —

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Thos. T. Stick, Jr. publisher of the Exporter, Commercial Director, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1835.

Ashes,	cwt	5 25	5 37½		
Beeswax,		27	28		
Bristles,		11	12		
Cochineal,		32	34		
Coffee,	No. 1	11	12		
		11	11½		
		10½	11		
Cotton,		12	13		
		11	12½		
		10	11		
Feathers,		120	130		
Flour,	Dutr.	5 62½	perbl.		
		17	18½		
		16½	18		
Grain,	Red Tea.	104	108		
	Gro	103	108		
	Va.	103	108		
Hemp,					
Hides,	pernaguas,				
	ochilla		3 50		
Iron,					
Lead,	pr.ww				
Lime,					
Meal,	Rye MEAL				
Molasses,	bbl	5			
Nails,			4 75		
Oil,			3 87½		
Paints,			3 25		
Plaster,			3 37½		
Provisions,	ls bbls	16	00		
Rice,					
Shingles,					
Spirits,	Brandy,	1 04	1 08		
	Scotch,	1 03	1 03		
Sugar,	L. C. white,	0	0		
	L. C. yellow,	0	0		
	C. C. round,				
	Muscovy,				
Tallow,		20	21		
Tea,	Eastern,	30	00		
	Mocha,				
Wool,					
Whiskey,					
Wine,					
Duties,					

Raw Orleans,		30	31
Sugar-house,		47	49
do.	N. York,	47	49
do.	do. Philad.	47	48
do.	do. Boston,	46	53
Tobacco,	Trinidad,	9½	10½
	Porto Rico,	20	30
	Brazil Pinch lol.	24	27
	Ker. & Maracaibo,	24	28
MACKEREL,			
	No. 1,	bbl	6 50 6 75
	No. 2,		5 00
	No. 3,		5 00
OIL,			
	Linseed, Am. from store,		97 1 00
	do. Dutch,		
	Whale,	gal.	33 6
	Sperm, winter,		1 60 1 80
	No. 1 summer,		80 85
PLASTER PARIS,			
	In Delaware, ton		3 00
	In Susquehah.		3 00
SEEDS,			
	Clover, bush		4 00 5 00
	Flaxseed, rough		1 75 1 76
	do. clean, cask		
	Timothy, bush		11 50 12 75
	Herds, bush		
	Orchard grass,		2 00 2 25
WHISKEY,			
	Rye, in bbls		31
	do. hhds		29
	do. from wagons		28
WOOL,			
	Prime, Saxony fleece,		57 63
	Am. wash. full bl'd.		52 56
	do. ¾ blood,		47 50
	do. ½ blood,		40 45
	do. ¼ and com.		33
	Am. unwash. full bl'd		30 35
	do. ¾ blood,		25 28
	do. ½ and com.		23
	Super. pulled lambs,		30 35
	No. 1 do.		25 28
	No. 2 do.		23
	No. 3 do.		20
	Saxony, clean,		
	Spanish, E. F. & M.		
	do. lambs,		70 80

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, March 14, 1835.

☞ The Carriers of this paper are not authorized to sell single copies. They may be obtained at the publication office 30 Carter's Alley.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page—There has been no change in them for many years past.

Postmasters who wish us to discontinue papers, are especially requested to give us some clue by which we may ascertain their address. With an obtuseness of intellect truly lamentable, some postmasters are in the habit of tearing from the paper the name of the subscriber and the post-office, and returning it with an order to discontinue, or to change its direction. How we are to ascertain whence it came, or to whom it was addressed originally, seems to be a matter of no consideration whatever. We wish that gentlemen would be more particular in matters of business.

The ridiculous multiplicity of post-offices of the same name, leads to endless confusion and difficulty, in consequence of the inattention of those who forward orders. Some gentlemen in writing to order the paper, merely mention the name of the town in which they reside, omitting both the county and state. Per-haps there may be fifty towns of the same name in the United States, and whether the particular one is in Maine or Georgia, is left for us to determine. If we were to attend to such orders, there would be no probability of the paper going to the right place. We again, therefore, entreat correspondents to be more careful in their letters. Give us the name of the town, the county, and state, and there can be no possibility of mistake.

CITIZENS' BALL.

We are requested to mention that a committee of the Managers of the Citizens' Ball, in aid of the Firemen's Fund, will sit this evening, for the delivery of tickets, at the Box-office of the Chesnut street Theatre.

We have had a very fair specimen of March weather during the past week. On Tuesday last we had a shower of rain, a sprinkling of hail, and a heavy fall of snow, covering the ground to the depth of 6 or 8 inches. On the day following we were favored with a clear sky and a warm sun. Every variety of climate may be expected in the course of the month.

We recommend to the notice of our musical friends the well arranged music store of Messrs. J. G. Miller and Son, No. 35 N. Third st. It is constantly supplied with a choice assortment of music, musical instruments, &c. which are offered on very reasonable terms. The celebrated guitars, made by Schatz and Miller of New York, are sold at this store exclusively. For beauty of workmanship and handsome finish, they exceed any thing of the kind we have ever examined.

The bill authorizing a call of a convention to alter the constitution, has passed the House of Representatives of this state, by a vote of 69 to 19.

A proposition is now before the Common Council of New York, to supply the city with pure fresh water. The plan suggested is, to obtain water from the Croton river, the grand reservoir for the city to be the summit of Murray Hill, about three miles out, and which is higher than the highest house in the city. The cost of bringing water to Murray Hill, is calculated to be $4,250,000, and from thence through the city $1,262,000 more, making in all $5,512,000.—The pipes already down will answer for a part, and their cost may be taken from the above amount. It was stated that in 110 fires last year, the loss of property which was insured amounted to $910,931, and that there was about half as much more that was not covered by insurance. The loss by fire in the city of New York averages $1,000,000 a year, one fifth of the cost of the projected water works, most of which would be saved by a ready and abundant supply of water.

FIRE ASSOCIATION OF PHILADELPHIA.

Most of our city readers, we presume, are aware of the existence in Philadelphia, of a Board called the "Fire Association." It consists of two delegates from each of the companies, organized and incorporated for the purpose of insuring houses against loss by fire, and for controlling generally, the arrangements of the companies. The profits derived from the insurance business, are to be equally divided among the several companies, represented in the Board. At a recent stated meeting of the Board, the subject of the frequent disputes among firemen, in time of fire, was brought up, and resolutions were adopted with a view of putting an effectual stop to this disreputable practice. The following, among other resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That believing that many of the disturbances among firemen originate with idle and mischievous boys, who are permitted to assist in conveying carriages to and from a fire, and who, in consequence of this permission, frequently assume the prerogatives of members, and classthemselves as members, though not recognised as such by the companies, the Delegates do earnestly recommended the adoption by each company of the following suggestions:

RECOMMENDATION 1st. That no boy be permitted to take hold of the rope of any carriage, at any time, or in any manner to assist or participate in the duties of firemen, as connected with company arrangements.

RECOMMENDATION 2d. That no fire or Hose Company's apparatus be removed from its location, between sunrise and 10 o'clock, P. M. on Sabbath days, nor on secular evenings, between sunset and 10 o'clock, P. M., unless the State House Bell shall ring, or unless it be positively known to an efficient member, that there is a fire.

RECOMMENDATION 3d. That no person be admitted as a member of the Fire Department under the age of 18 years; and no person of any age, whose habits are believed to be irregular and disorderly, and likely to bring the Department into disrepute.

Resolved, That as the labours of firemen are materially embarrassed at fires by the crowds of boys and others, who can render no assistance in arresting the progress of the flames, the Delegates do earnestly recommend to all parents, guardians and masters, having children and youth in charge, to prevent them from leaving their homes in times of fires or alarms, and also to prevent them from congregating in the vicinity of Engine and Hose houses, by which the peace and the quiet of our citizens are disturbed.

The last resolution we would particularly recommend to the attention of our city readers. The congregation of boys at a fire is a great nuisance, and ought to be prevented. We trust our citizens generally will unite with firemen in their exertions to accomplish the laudable objects contemplated in the foregoing resolutions.

The ball at the Park Theatre, New York, in aid of the Firemens' Fund, yielded the nett sum of $1236, 24 which will be appropriated to relieve the wants and necessities of the widows and orphans of deceased firemen.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 11th, 1835.

DEAR SIR—This city, which last week was all life and bustle, is now as still and as solemn as any interior village in your state. Nearly every member of Congress has taken his departure—the office-seekers too, are gone, together with the whole ephemeral population, leaving nobody behind but those whose business keeps them here during the whole of the year. The anxiety of the members of Congress to return to their homes is always very great, and when delay is occasioned by the siege being full, the vexation is proportionately intense. The state of things was realised by many on the present occasion. Those who had neglected to take seats several days in advance, were obliged to wait, day after day, until their more prudent colleagues, had been accommodated. Many were detained until Monday last.

You have seen by the papers that Congress adjourned in great confusion, leaving most of the principal business of the session unfinished. This must be attributed to the long debates on unimportant subjects, an evil of very great consequence to the people, who elect men to act, and not to talk. Among the bills passed by the Senate and not reached in the House, are the following: The Post office bill, the Custom House bill, the Judiciary bill, the Deposite Bank bill, the bill respecting the tenure of office, and the bill in relation to the French spoliations. Besides these, there are various others which fell through owing to a disagreement between the two Houses. The most important of these latter is the Fortification bill, providing for the defence of your unprotected river and bay, and other places along our sea board. The loss of this is a source of deep regret, as in case of a war your city will be at the mercy of the enemy.

I cannot express, in terms too pointed and severe, the indignation I feel in reference to the conduct of some of the people's representatives, those particularly who are governed by strong party feelings, who would sooner see their country sink into ruin, than do any thing against the interest of their party. Party spirit is the curse of our country, and I do sincerely wish that I could prevail upon my countrymen for once to send men here, who are statesmen and not politicians. The political fever which has prevailed in Washington, as an epidemic, has done all the mischief, and there seems to be no probability of its abatement, until the voters themselves, take the matter in hand. Our country surely never was in so deplorable a condition as it is now, in regard to unanimity of action upon points disconnected with politics.

An opinion prevails here that the President will speedily convoke the new Congress, for the purpose of making preparations for defence. The election for representatives took place in New Hampshire on Tuesday last, and in the course of the ensuing month, those of Rhode Island, Connecticut and Virginia will be held. Mississippi elects in May, so that in May or June there will be a large majority of the House chosen. If, however, the French Chambers should act speedily on the appropriation bill, there may be no occasion for this measure.

The cars from New York, on the Camden and Amboy Rail-road, on Tuesday last, came in collision with those from Philadelphia. The concussion was very great, knocking the engine from Bordentown from the rails, and rendered it useless for the present, but although there were nearly two hundred passengers, no personal injury was sustained. The wheels of the New York train were so much injured, that the passengers were obliged to wait several hours for another engine.

THEATRICAL.

The Arch street Theatre has been liberally patronised during the past week. Mr. Rowbotham's benefit on Tuesday evening, attracted a fashionable and crowded house. Mrs. Meader, late Miss Clara Fisher, and Miss Watson, are about concluding engagements. Miss W. has become deservedly popular with our play-going community.

At the Walnut street House, we have a continued succession of novelties. Mr. Adams, the tragedian is now fulfilling an engagement. The drama of the Last days of Pompeii, is about to be produced, under the direction of Mr. Barrymore.

We are gratified to learn, that the performances of Mr. Harrington, at the Philadelphia Museum, attract large and very respectable audiences. They will be continued during the ensuing week. Mr. H. is unquestionably one of the most talented ventriloquists in the country, and his exhibitions are highly entertaining.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The session of the democratic state convention, at Harrisburg last week, appears not to have been altogether harmonious. From many counties there were two sets of delegates, one favourable to Mr. Wolf, as the candidate of the party for Governor, and the other to Mr. Muhlenburg. Upon the admission of these delegates there was much speaking. It was agreed, however, that the undisputed delegates should organize the convention, and this was done by selecting JAMES THOMPSON, Esq. Speaker of the House of Representatives, as President. The consideration of the disputed delegates was then brought forward, and on a motion to admit the Wolf delegates from Berks county, the ayes prevailed by a majority of five. This being a test vote in favour of Wolf, a motion was made to adjourn the convention, recommending to the people to elect new delegates, to meet at Lewistown, on the 6th of May, which was negatived at the time, but on the day following, Friday, reconsidered, and adopted. The convention was then dissolved, in due form, by a speech from the President.

On the day following, Saturday, the delegates in favour of Wolf met, and again called Mr. Thompson to the chair. They voted that the proceedings of Friday were irregular, and ordered them to be erased from the minutes. A nomination for Governor was then entered into, which resulted in the choice of Mr. Wolf, by a nearly unanimous vote. The Muhlenburg men returned to their homes, many of them, we presume, ignorant of the proceeding. They will no doubt again assemble in May, and nominate Mr. Muhlenburg.

The antimasonic convention, as we mentioned last week, nominated JOSEPH RITNER, Esq. as a candidate for Governor.

The whigs of Beaver county, held a meeting a few days since, and nominated ABNER LACOCK, Esq. for the same office. There is therefore a probability that the people will have plenty of candidates for whom to vote. The Beaver county meeting passed a resolution recommending a state convention at Huntingdon, on the 20th of May next.

The democratic convention nominated the following Electoral ticket, pledged to the support of Van Buren, and appointed the annexed delegates to the National Convention.

ELECTORS.

General Robert Patterson, James Thompson—Senatorial.

1. Thomas D. Grover, 3. Samuel Badger; 4. M. Linnard; 5 John Naglee; 6 Gardner Furness, Oliver Allison, Henry Myers; 7. General Henry Scheetz; 8. Henry Chapman; 9. Jacob Kern; 8. Jacob Dillinger; 9. Paul Geiger; 10. Calvin Blythe; 11. Dr. A. King; 12. Thomas C. Miller; 13. William Clark; 14. John Mitchell; 15. Leonard Rupert; 16. Ellis Lewis; 17. Asa Mann; 18. General W. R. Smith; 19. S. L. Carpenter; 20. Robert Patterson; 21. William Patterson; 22. Dr. J. Power; 23. Robert Orr; 24. John Carothers; 25. J. P. Davis.

DELEGATES.

George Kremer, Jesse R. Burden—Senatorial.

1. Rd. Pelts, 2. John Miles; Alexander E. Doughery; 3. George F. Goodman; 4. Benj. Champneys, Edward T. Evans, John L. Pearson; 5. John H. Sterigere; 6. William F. Swift; 7. N B. Eldred; 8. George Brown; 9. Henry W. Smith; 10. Herman Alricks; 11. Colonel Henry Logan; 12. William S. Ramsey; 14. A. P. Wilson; 15. Miller Horton; 16. William A. Petriken; 17. Simon Spaulding; 18. John Matthews; 19. Robert T. Stewart; 20. J. Morrison; 21. Thomas Ringland; 22. Benjamin Patton; 23. John Biedin; 24. Joel P. Curtis; 25. Arnold Plumer.

LOUISIANA.—A resolution has passed the Senate of this state, and been confirmed by the House of Representatives, for appointing a joint committee of the legislature, to enquire into the expediency of repealing all the laws licensing gambling, and making the same a high penal offence, punishable by not less than twenty years' imprisonment at hard labour. It was stated by a member, during the discussion of this resolution, that although the number of licensed gambling houses in New Orleans, was only seven, the number actually in the full tide of operation was not less than forty.

MISSISSIPPI.—The election for Governor, members of Congress, &c. will be held in this state, in May. The democratic party have made the following nominations—for Governor, Hiram G. Runnels—for representatives in Congress, Daniel W. Wright and J. F. H. Claiborne.

RHODE ISLAND.—The friends of the administration have agreed upon the following ticket, to be supported at the ensuing election in April. It is understood that the nominations meet the concurrence of the antimasonic party.

For Governor, John Brown Francis.
Lt. Governor, Jeffrey Hazard.
For Secretary, - - - Henry Bowen.
Attorney-General, - - Albert C. Greene.
Treasurer, - - - John Sterne.

COMMUNICATION.

RECIPE FOR A COLD.—Take about four table spoonsful of good brown sugar, one spoonful of tar, and one yolk of an egg—mix them well together. For a dose take a tea spoonful on going to bed, and another on rising in the morning. If the cold is not of long standing, the patient will be relieved by continuing this course for three or four days.

CONGRESS.—APPROPRIATION BILL.

We briefly mentioned in our last, that the bill making appropriations for the purpose of arming our fortifications, and preparing for defence, was unfortunately lost in consequence of a disagreement between the two Houses of Congress, in relation to an amendment proposed by the House of Representatives. As this is a subject of some importance, and as much blame has been cast upon the Senate in consequence of the loss of the bill, we deem it proper to state our understanding of the matter.

The Fortification bill originated in, and was passed by the House of Representatives, and sent to the Senate for concurrence. In the Senate it was discussed and amended, and returned to the House, about one week previous to the adjournment. In the House it remained unnoticed, until the last day of the session, when as late as 8 o'clock in the evening it was taken up, and the amendments of the Senate concurred in, *with an amendment*, appropriating the sum of THREE MILLIONS of DOLLARS, for the military and naval service, to be expended under the direction of the President. This enormous sum was in addition to the appropriations of $75,000 for Fort McHin, $150,000 for Fort Delaware, $75,000 for Castle Island, Boston, $100,000 for defences within the State of Maryland, &c. contemplated by the bill. The Senate would not agree to this amendment. They considered and justly too, that it involved an useless and extravagant expenditure of money, and the bill was again returned to the House. The House persisted in the amendment, and committees of conference were appointed. The conference met and struck out the three million appropriation and inserted $800,000, in which decision the Senate concurred as soon as it was reported. This occurred at half past 10 o'clock, on Tuesday night, when every member of the Senate was in his seat. The members waited impatiently for a message from the House, but at 11 o'clock, none had been received, and a communication was then ordered to be made to the Senate, reminding the House of the peculiar position of the bill. It was then ascertained that *Mr. Cambreleng, of the committee of conference, had declined making a report to the House*, consequently the decision of the committee had not been placed before the House for its adoption or rejection. The defeat of the bill must therefore be ascribed not to the Senate, but to Mr. Cambreleng, who suppressed it, from what motive it is impossible for us to imagine. The National Intelligencer gives the annexed description of the closing scene in the House of Representatives.

Mr. Briggs removed that the house do now adjourn; but gave way to

Mr. Smith, who renewed his motion to send to the Senate a message, informing that body that the House having completed its business, was ready to adjourn.

Mr. Parker. How can we pretend to say that we have completed the business before us? and how can we adjourn without passing the Fortification Bill? This House had passed the bill. The Senate made a large addition to it. This House then added another appropriation. The Senate disagreed to it; a Committee of Conference was appointed, and that Committee had refused to report to this House.—Shall we go away, and lie, and leave this bill, at a time when there is an apprehension of war?

Mr. Phillips. What is the situation of the business of the Committee of Conference?

The Chair stated, in reply, that, as he understood, the report had been made.

Mr. Lyon moved to amend the motion of the gentleman from Maine, [Mr. Smith,] so as to make it read that the House, having no quorum, was ready to adjourn.

Mr. Cambreleng. There has not been a quorum for an hour or two.

Mr. Reed said the Committee of Conference had agreed to a report, and, as a quorum was undoubtedly present, it ought to be acted upon. He was opposed to the adjournment, because the House had not yet done its duty. (Order, order.) Mr. Reed said the proposed amendment declared what is not the fact. There is a quorum present.

Mr. Lewis moved a call of the House.

Mr. Cambreleng. I protest against the right to call this House. What member will answer to his name? ["I will," exclaimed many members.] I am as much in favour (said Mr C.) of the Fortification bill as is the gentleman from New Jersey; but I say that the responsibility of its failure rests upon the Senate, and upon us. The bill was defeated by the Senate. ["No," "no"—"not so," was exclaimed by many voices.]

Mr. Barringer. The bill WAS DEFEATED BY AN INFERIOR HERE. (to this House.) If gentlemen desired *names*, Mr. B. said, he would give them. But if this was declined, he would say, that there were members, who now sat in their seats, and would not answer to their names who did so in consummation of the intrigue. Mr. B. called for Tellers on the motion.

The members were requested to pass through tellers, and there appeared Yeas 56, Nays 26—no quorum.

Mr. J. Y. Mason informed the House that the Senate had adjourned.

The fact announced was questioned, but it being confirmed, the House agreed, on motion of Mr. Barringer, to adjourn.

The Speaker then rose and addressed the House.

The house then adjourned at half past 3 o'clock.

In addition the editor observes:

It was a melancholy thing to go into the House of Representatives on Wednesday, and see the great number of printed bills, waiting only for the concurrence of the House in some slight (perhaps even verbal) amendments. Six hours of *untalking* industry would have been worth half a session. We stood ourselves at the door of the Senate, occasionally, for the last three or four days, and we noticed an incessant calling out of Senators by members of the House, for the purpose of saying, in reference to bills which had the good fortune to reach that body, "Pray do not alter it, though you think it imperfect. Let it pass, for Heaven's sake; for if it gets back to us, we cannot get it up, were it only to dot an i or cross a t. Mend it next session, if you please, but for the present keep it out of the grave!" It was only through the influence of such solicitations, that the bill for the benefit of the Navy and several other important bills, passed at all.

While the loss of the Fortification bill is to us a source of sincere regret, we are free to say that we should have regarded its adoption, with the amendment proposed by the House, as still more lamentable and unfortunate. It was unfair and ungenerous on the part of the House, to attach to the bill the objectionable amendment, as the bill itself provided for all the expenditures which are at this time necessary, and the provision was altogether unprecedented in the history of our government. We speak of this subject without the least bias. We think it wrong to place in the hands of any Executive officer so large a sum of money, to be expended without check or restraint, and for so sufficient ostensible purpose. The measure is directly contrary to the spirit of our government, which provides checks and responsibilities in every department.

From the account we have given, it will therefore be seen, that the failure to make suitable provision for our defence, is to be attributed to the committee of conference of the House of Representatives, in refusing to report the bill as it was amended. If censure is cast upon Congress, let it not fall upon the undeserving, but let the weight of responsibility fall upon those, who, to gratify personal pique and sustain the measures of their party, would sacrifice considerations no less momentous than the honour of our country, and the safety of our people.

It is probable that for a number of years, Philadelphia has not been more efficiently represented in our state legislature than at present. The delegation in the House of Representatives comprises gentlemen of age, experience and wisdom in legislation—middle-aged men, well-informed, and acting upon established principles, and young men of ardour, activity and talent. Their usefulness is evidenced by their untiring industry. Not the least among them is our friend THOMAS S. SMITH, Esq. whose course, during the present session, we have marked with unqualified approbation. Divested entirely of those rancorous political feelings, which destroy the usefulness of many legislators, Mr. Smith acts, we have no hesitation in believing, from pure and unsullied motives, and we do not doubt but that his efficiency is duly appreciated by his constituents. He is an active *business* member, worth a dozen such men as —— and ——, who, in Congress, do little else than make and publish a, eeches, for effect at home.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

At a meeting of the Board of Health, the following gentlemen were elected officers of that institution for the ensuing year:

President—R. W. Pomeroy, Esq.
Secretary—D. Francis Condie, M. D.
Treasurer—Mid a N. Carpenter, Esq.
Steward of the Lazaretto—Capt. Daniel Brewton.
Solicitor—Charles Naylor.
Clerk—Wm. A. Martin.
And George Rankin, and Chas. F. Thiesen were appointed Messengers.

MASON'S AND DIXON'S LINE.—The question is often asked, "*what line is this?*" and it is as often answered, "*I don't know.*" It divides Pennsylvania and Maryland, commencing at a point at a certain distance north of Cape Henlopen on the Delaware and running west to a certain point of longitude. Long and vexatious chancery litigations were had between the proprietaries of Maryland and Pennsylvania, respecting this line. It was finally run and established under an order of the English court of chancery. The surveyors were two gentlemen of the names of Mason and Dixon. Hence it is called Mason's and Dixon's Line.—*Cin. Gaz.*

From the National Intelligencer of Wednesday.

Last Day of the Session.

Unfinished Business; West Point Academy.—Loss of the Fortification Bill.

The two houses of Congress adjourned, the night before last, their functions then ceasing; and what a wreck of public business ensued!

In our two or three last papers we expressed our opinion respecting the state of the public business in the House of Representatives. It would have been as just, had our intimations respected the state of the House.

With a great deal of talent, and we have no doubt, too, a great deal of patriotism, the late House of Representatives had been brought into a condition, by various causes, in which it seemed incapable of getting on with the business of the country. Attentive observers have noticed a tendency of this kind, from the early part of the session; but its last days forced the truth on the minds of all. Long debates; the endless perplexity of the rules; contests, every moment, about a priority of business; and an eagerness of discussion, which seemed entirely to disregard the comparative importance of subjects, were among these causes. There were others, of which we could speak, of which indeed we shall feel it our duty to speak, and to speak freely, hereafter; but which we at present forbear to mention.

The melancholy result of the whole is, that Congress has broken up, leaving almost every great measure of the session unfinished, and therefore totally null and void. The following bills, originating in the Senate, most of them passing that body by large majorities, and some of them quite unanimously, have shared the general wreck and ruin:

The Post office Reform Bill; (passed unanimously in the Senate.)

The Custom House Regulations Bill; (passed nearly unanimous in the Senate.)

The important judicial Bill; (passed by a vote of 31 to 5 in the Senate.)

The Bill regulating the Deposite of the Public Moneys in the Deposite Banks.

The Bill respecting the Tenure of Office, and Removals from Office; (a most important bill, supported in the Senate by men of all parties.)

The Bill indemnifying Claimants for French Spoliations, before 1800.

These half dozen, (not to speak of the bill for the relief of the Cities of the District of Columbia; the bill providing for the increase of the Corps of Engineers; the bill to carry into effect the Convention between the United States and Spain; and the bill to improve the navigation of the Mississippi in the vicinity of St. Louis,) are among the bills which were sent from the Senate to the House of Representatives, "and never heard of more."

The fate of two of the Appropriation Bills, however, originating, as such bills always do, in the House of Representatives, is still more remarkable.

Hitherto it has been usual to make the appropriations from the Military Academy at West Point in the same bill which contains the general appropriations for the Army. This year, an innovation was indulged. The Army Appropriation Bill was sent to the Senate with no appropriation whatever for West Point.—This circumstance was noticed, at the time, in the Senate, and its attention called to it, as an extraordinary omission. A separate bill, however, containing the usual appropriations for the Academy, was brought forward in the House, but suffered to sleep. Up to the last day for sending bills from one House to the other, it had not passed. The House took no step whatever to pass the Bill, by suspending the operation of the rule, as to the time of sending bills from House to House, or in any other way. In this predicament, individuals of the House brought the Committee of the Senate to interfere, and, in some *extraordinary* way, held to pass the *ordinary* appropriation through Congress.

The Senate attached the whole Military Academy appropriation bill to the bill making provision for the Civil and Diplomatic Expenditures of the year, and in this form it passed into a law; and, but for the adoption of this mode, there could have been no appropriation at all, and the school would have been broken up. We may add that, when this bill for covering Civil and Diplomatic Expenses went back to the House, with amendments, the occasion was eagerly seized to add to the Senate's amendments other amendments, respecting totally different matters, thus giving the bill a mail as long as that of a comet. Thus the bill, pending in the House, making provision for the Repairs of the Capitol and President's House, improving the public grounds, paying the President's gardener, &c. &c. was tacked on to the bill, as being among the civil and diplomatic expenses of the Government!

"This bill, however, and we rejoice at it, had the goodness to pass, with all its length of tail, and (thanks to the Senate, and no thanks to the House of Representatives) the West Point Academy, therefore was kept alive.

Not so fortunate was the other of the two appropriation bills, to which we have alluded above. THE FORTIFICATION BILL IS TOTALLY LOST! Yes, in the very critical moment of affairs, not only has no new measure of defending the country been adopted, but the bill for the usual annual appropriation for Fortifications is totally lost! We can hardly credit ourselves when we write this paragraph. Yet such is the fact; not a dollar is appropriated to fortifications, and we doubt whether it be not the bounden duty of the President to call the new Congress at the earliest day possible. Certainly—most certainly—such is his duty, if he has any reasonable apprehension whatever of hostilities with a foreign nation.

We will state shortly the history of his bill. It came from the House to the Senate, and all the provisions were agreed to by the Senate's Committee. Various additions were also made to it by the Committee, in pursuance of communications from the War Department; and reports from the Military Committees of the two Houses. Large sums were added for the better defence of Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, &c. and an additional amount for arming all the fortifications. When it appeared that the Department had no further measures to recommend, the Committee reported the bill, the Senate agreed to the amendments, and the bill was returned to the House, with the Amendments, on Tuesday the 24th day of February.

The House did not take up the Senate's amendments till the last day of the session, one whole week after the Senate had sent them; on that day, at half past 8 o'clock in the evening, they returned the bill to the Senate, having agreed to some of the Senate's amendments, disagreed to others, and agreed to others, again, with amendments of their own. The loss of the whole bill was finally caused by one of these last amendments; and, therefore, we have taken pains to collect the facts, precisely as they appear on the journals and in the proceedings.

One of the amendments, proposed by the Senate, was the addition of the following sections:

"Sec. —. And be it further enacted, That the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, toward the repair of the fortifications on Castle Island, in the harbor of Boston, according to the plan submitted by the Board of Engineers, on the thirteenth day of March, eighteen hundred and thirty four; the same to be paid out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

"Sec. —. And be it further enacted, That the sum of one hundred thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be applied or expended under the direction of the Secretary of War, in improving the defences within the state of Maryland.

"Sec. —. And be it further enacted, That the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby authorized, to purchase six acres of land adjoining Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, being the same rented from the heirs of the late Philip Swartzauer, and now occupied for military purposes; and that he cause the same to be paid for from the funds appropriated for the service of the Quartermaster's Department."

To this the House agreed, added the following as an amendment, viz:

"And be it, &c. That the sum of THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS be and the same is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be expended, in whole or in part, under the direction of the President of the United States, for the military and naval service, including fortifications and ordnance, and increase of the Navy: Provided, such expenditure shall be necessary for the defence of the country prior to the next meeting of Congress."

When this came to the Senate, the above extraordinary section was opposed, as conferring on the President unlimited military power. It was said, he had asked for no such power—the War Department had recommended no such appropriation—it had never been suggested, any where, until this late moment. It was urged that the section itself was altogether indefensible, inasmuch as it proposed to give a vast sum into the hands of the President, *without any specific object*, leaving it to him to use it as he might please.

He might levy troops—he might raise an army—he might send forth the navy—he might, in short dispose of the money just as he should see fit. It was averred, on the other side, that the President would certainly do no ha m with the money—he would use the power to good ends, &c. and to this it was replied again, that such a power had never been trusted to any President; that it was not to be thought of, without giving up all notion of the authority of Congress over the expenditure of the public money, and indeed all its control over the question of Peace and War. The Senate disagreed to this vote for the three millions of dollars; and here are the yeas and nays on the motion to *disagree to it*:

YEAS—Messrs. Bell, Bibb, Calhoun, Clay, Clayton Ewing, Frelinghuysen, Goldsborough, Hendricks, Kent, Knight, Leigh, Mangum, Moore, Naudain, Poindexter, Porter, Prentiss, Preston, Robbins, Silsbee, Smith, Southard, Swift, Tomlinson, Tyler, Waggaman, Webster, White—29.

NAYS—Messrs. Benton, Black, Brown, Buchanan, Cuthbert, Grundy, Hill, Kane, King of Alabama, King of Georgia, Linn, McLean, Morris, Robinson, Ruggles, Shepley, Tallmadge, Tipton, Wright—19.

The bill went back to the House. The House insisted on its amendment, and again returned the bill to the Senate. The Senate voted to *adhere to its disagreement*, and here are the yeas and nays on that vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Bell, Bibb, Calhoun, Clay, Clayton, Ewing, Frelinghuysen, Goldsborough, Hendricks, Kent, Knight, Leigh, Mangum, Moore, Naudain, Poindexter, Porter, Prentiss, Preston, Robbins, Silsbee, Smith, Southard, Swift, Tomlinson, Tyler, Waggaman, Webster, White—29.

NAYS—Messrs. Benton, Brown, Buchanan, Cuthbert, Grundy, Hill, Kane, King, of Alabama, King, of Georgia, Linn, McKean, Ruggles, Robinson, Shepley, Tallmadge, Tipton, Wright—17.

The House, upon this, asked a conference with the Senate, which was immediately agreed to, and Committees were appointed on both sides. The two Committees met, without delay, and agreed, as we understood, very soon to report to their respective Houses, that the amendment of the House should be struck out and inserted in its place:

"As an additional appropriation for arming the fortifications of the United States, three hundred thousand dollars.

"As an additional appropriation for the repairs and equipment of the ships of war of the United States, five hundred thousand dollars.

The Senate's Committee immediately reported to the Senate this happy agreement of the two Committees on this important bill, and all seemed well. But the bill was in the hands of the House, (according to the usual course in such cases,) and the Senate waited to hear its decision. No communication coming from the House, however, and it being already past 11 o'clock, the Senate, fearing for the fate of this bill, and desirous of pressing its great importance upon the attention of the House, sent them the following message:

"Resolved, That a message be sent to the Honorable the House of Representatives, respectfully to remind the House of the report of the Committee of Conference, appointed on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the amendment of the House to the amendment of the Senate, to the bill respecting the fortifications of the United States.

When the message was read in the House, we learn (for we were not present) that the Chairman of the Committee of Conference (Mr. Cambreleng,) said he had not taken, or should not take, the responsibility of presenting the Report of the two Committees, on account of the lateness of the hour, or the thinness of the House—or for both reasons—adding, also, that he was himself *against the Report*. Therefore, Mr. Lewis, the next named on the Committee, made a report of the concurrence of the two Committees. The subject was thus again before the House; and, as to what then ensued, for the next hour or two, as we did not see it, we will not venture to describe it from hearsay.

We learn, however, that the Senate, having waited still a good while longer, in hopes of hearing from the House, and not hearing, sent still another message, informing the House, that they, the Senate, had no further business before them. No answer coming to this message, the Senate, after waiting a considerable time longer, and hearing nothing from the bill, finally adjourned—and the bill, therefore, is UTTERLY LOST.

We have time for no more—nor spirits for any more—at present, though it will be our duty to state, hereafter, other things which we have heard and believe, respecting the causes of the loss of these essential measures.

The attendance of Senators was remarkable, the whole evening, as it had been the day and night previous. A little before 12 o'clock, the last night, 46 Senators answered to their names, and the remaining two were in their seats the minute afterwards, so that every Senator was at his post to the last moment. Such a thing has probably never occured before.

PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE.—At 6 o'clock, on the 3d inst. pursuant to a notice previously given to the Senate, the Vice-President retired from the Chair, to enable the Senate to elect a President *pro tem.*

Whereupon the following ballotings took place for a President *pro tem*:

	First ballot.	*Second.*	*Third.*	*Fourth.*
Mr. Tyler,	15	15	20	25
Mr. King, of Alab.	18	20	21	19
For various others,	11	7	4	9

Mr. Tyler having received a majority of the whole number of votes on the 4th ballot, was duly elected, and being conducted to the Chair, made his acknowledgments to the Senate in an address.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

March 6.—Received from		*Received from*	
Natbl. C. Sayre,	$10 00	George Lean, Esq.	2 00
Thos. Roane, [nett]	4 81	D. B. Wheeler, Esq.	4 00
Osmer Beemus,		Andrew Cohen, Esq.	2 00
James Lyman,		A. Dewling, Esq.	2 00
W. H. Harman,	10 00	W. L. Mitchell, Esq.	20 00
A. M. Sizer,		W. W. Anderson, Esq.	5 00
B. B. Boeher,		Joseph Osgood, Esq.	3 00
John H. Nelson,	5 00	R. Gates, Jr.	2 50
N. Bliss, Esq.	7 00	John D. Slack,	10 00
M. W. Brown, Esq.	5 00	*March 10.*	
D. M. Curtis, Esq.	5 00	John Morris, [nett]	2 50

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE JUMP OF MIND,

OR PHYSIOGNOMY AND PHRENOLOGY.

In the days of our fathers, when science was young;
Men's characters were judged by their *conduct and tongue*:
Years or months were required to study the man,
To learn all his virtues, his vices to scan.

But intellect brightened as time flew apace,
And now judged of a man by *the looks of his face*;
A day or an hour was sufficiently long
To show all the weak parts, and point out the strong.

Improvements are made as years glide away;
They do now in a *minute* what before took a day:
The head is examined, the bumps are disclosed,
And the *mind* like the nose at once is exposed. o. p. q.

How to Cure a Cough.—"Well, Mrs. Lanegan did you put the blister on your chest, as you promised, and did it rise?" "Why, then, mistress dear, the niver a chest I had to put it on, but sure and I have a little bit of a box, and I put it on that, but sure a rise it rose; and if you don't believe me come and see, for its sticking there still I'm thinking."

Bashful Confession!—A gallant New England knight of the quill, describing a country dance, says! "The gorgeous strings of glass beads will now glisten on heaving bosoms of the village belles, like polished rubies resting on the delicate surface of warm apple dumplings."

A Suffolk paper gives the following paragraph: "Lately was married at Swelling, after a courtship of more than fifty years, Charles Cook, bachelor, to Sarah Spinster. This happy pair was born, bred, and upwards of seventy years breathed the pure, the unsophisticated air of Swelling, in sighs, deep, strong and sonorous.

Quick Match.—"Says I, Sukey?" and I winked. Says she, "Why, John?" "But," says I, "I don't mean something, Sukey." "The deuce, John, you don't! what do you mean." "I mean to ask if you will have me. There, dang it, it's all out at last." "Have you? yes, John, and be glad too," says Sukey: and so we started off and had the knot tied about the quickest, and if I didn't feel kinder funny, then I hope I may be shot.—*Yankee.*

WALK HER OUT.

Why don't he walk me out, mamma,
Why don't he walk me out?
It's strange he should deter so long
To bring the thing about;
I'm sure its not my fault mamma—
Of that my soul can doubt;
For what I've so long aimed at is
To make him walk me out.

Indeed I've done my best, mamma,
And always have I shown
Most tender and most kind to him
When we've been most alone.
At times I've talked of rural walks,
And views conversed about—
And sometimes gone almost as far
As—"pay do walk me out."

To this he says he's "fond of walks,"
And walks—about the room;
"Of views"—he takes my albums on—
"Delights in looking through 'em!"
That he's in love, and will propose,
I have no kind of doubt;
But, lo, I wouldn't give a fig,
Unless he'd walk me out.

I long to breath "a little air,"
And through "the fields to roam;"
At this he'll reach down my guitar,
And play me "Home, sweet Home;"
As yet he's only seen my smiles,
But now I'll talk and pout,
And practice other artful wiles
To make him walk me out.

I'll meet him as the serpent met
Poor Mrs. Eve one day;
Where'er he goes, I'll plant myself
Directly in his way;
Some girls, I know, prefer a ball,
A concert, or a rout;
There's nothing better, after all,
Than making men walk out.

If we are serpents, men are eels,
And difficult to hold;
Love's hat'ry but too oft reveals
How oft young maids are sold;
My net is true, success is sure,
He may flounder like a trout;
He's safe enough, his fate is sealed,
When once he's walked me out.

There's Sarah Spry has looked of late
As vain as mortal can;
Priscilla Prim, (the girl I hate,)
Goes by with her young man;
And Susan Fig, the grocer's niece,
A gawky, awkward lout—
They all (except poor I) possess
The joys of walking out.

They may love has no greater charm
Than what this pastime yields;
It seems the sovereign'st patent for
All pangs the lover feels;
They say its mystic powers are such
As leave no room for doubt,
That you are his, and he is yours,
When once he's walked you out.

But mine, I fear's a hopeless case,
Scarce talked about at all;
The neighbors hardly know his face,
Or if he's short or tall;
I'm quite d stressed, and can't think what
The man can be about;
I'll turn him off, I vow I will,
Unless he walks me out.

RECEIPT TO BREW A STORM.

Husband.—Women, ay!
Wife.—You are always railing at our sex.
Husband.—And without reason?
Wife.—Without or her rhyme or reason. But you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.
Husband.—Sometimes. There is no general rule without an exception. I could name some very good women—
Wife.—Without the head, I suppose?
Husband.—With a head, and with a heart, too.
Wife.—That's a wonder!
Husband.—It would be a still greater if I could not. For instance, there is Mrs. Dawson—the best of wives—always at home whenever you call—always in good humor, always neat and clean, sober and discreet.
Wife.—I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossipper in the parish. She may well smile—she has nothing to ruffle her temper. Neat and clean! she has nothing else to do. Sober! —She can take a glass as well as her neighbors. Discreet!—that's another word!—she can up a wink. But I detest scandal! I am surprised you didn't say she is handsome.
Husband.—So she is—in *my* eye.
Wife.—You have a fine eye to be sure; you're an excellent judge of beauty.—What do you think of her nose?
Husband.—She's a fine woman, in spite of her nose.
Wife.—Fine feathers make fine birds. She can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.
Husband.—You can certainly do the same *my dear*, if you please.
Wife.—I thank you *sir*—my cheeks do not want paint, nor my eyebrows penciling.
Husband.—True; the rose of youth and beauty is still upon your cheeks, and your brow the brow of Cupid.
Wife.—You once thought so; but that moving mummy, Moll Dawson, is now your favorite. She's —let me see—no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own—and so silent, too, when she has all the clack to herself. Her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking—with a pair of eyes burned into the socket, and painted pannels into the bargain. And then as to scandal—but her tongue is no scandal.
Husband.—Take care—there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet.
Wife.—Curse you—you would provoke a saint!
Husband.—You seem to be getting into a passion.
Wife.—Is it any wonder? A white sheet! You ought to be tossed into a blanket. Handsome! I can't forget that word. My cheeks are lost on such a tasteless fellow as you are.
Husband.—The charms of your tongue!
Wife.—Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.
Husband.—Well, I have done.
Wife.—But *I* han't done me. I wish I had drowned myself the first day I saw you.
Husband.—It's not too late.
Wife.—I'd see you hung first.
Husband.—You'd be the first to cut me down.
Wife.—Then I ought to be strung up in your stead.
Husband.—I'd cut you down,
Wife.—You would!?
Husband.—Yes; but I'd be sure you were dead first.
Wife.—I cannot bear this any longer.
Husband.—Then 'tis time for me to withdraw; I see by your eyes, that the storm is collecting.
Wife.—And it shall burst over your head.
Husband.—I'll save my powder if I can. A good retreat is better than a neat battle.—[The husband flies for his life, pursued by his wife, and reaches the street just in time to save his head from the attacks of a set of china, which came rattling after him from his good-natured spouse.]

A fellow, whose countenance was homely enough to scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who, asked him, "if he did'nt fall into a brook when he was a child." "What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel!" "Why, I did'nt mean nothin," only you have got such an all fired crooked mouth, I thought as how you might a fell'd in the brook when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."—*Buffalo Star.*

"Good morning, Mr. Goosequill."

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Borcall. I am vastly glad to see you. I can't ask you to take a chair, for I believe there is not a whole one in the office—here's a sofa however with three legs, and with an effort at balancing, you can make yourself comfortable."

"Oh, no matter—I can stand, Mr. Goosequill. I only called in to say a word or two about an article in your paper to-day, that I am afraid may do you some mischief."

"I'm always happy to hear the opinion of my friends, Mr. Borcall; being a good deal in the world, and having their own business to look after, I think they have infinitely better means of judging in regard to affairs that I have."

"You're right—you're right, Mr. Goosequill. Having so many things to think about, you can't be expected to be right always."

"Out of the question, Mr. Borcall—and when we can avail ourselves of the advice of such a diligent and able counsellor as you are, Mr. Borcall,—"

"O, you flatter me. To be sure, there are some things, however—you understand. What I was going to say was, that some of my friends think you use a little too violent; rather rash; sometimes—that is to say, not always so considerate"—with the wave of a hand and an insinuating smile.

I nodded acquiescence.

"Now the attack this morning on Mr. Westbrook; am anxious you should not misunderstand me. I now as well as you do that Mr. Westbrook has a good many friends—and he is not to be trifled with."

"Certainly Mr. Borcall. Your opinions are very just —and I will bear them in my mind. I am much indebted to you for your kindness."

"I would not be understood, Mr. Goosequill—that I would not have you think—that I have a bit better opinion of Mr. Westbrook than you have—influence though, Mr. Goosequill; prudence in politics—that's my motto."

"I see you understand the matter, Mr. Borcall," and bowed the gentleman out at the door. And Mr. Borcall went away full of the idea that he was an intense politician, and exercised a salutary influence over the Press.

II.

"Are you the editor of the Bee on Luminary?"

"I am, Sir."

"Well, Sir, I wish you would stop my paper."

"Please hand your name to the clerk Sir."

"I like your paper pretty well, Sir—that is, it's well faced; but you give us as much of that plagy politics as I can't stand it."

"Many tastes, you know, Mr. Raw—different tastes be consulted."

"Yes, but it's too bad. Aunt Dorothy says you don't give half as many Deaths and Marriages as she likes, and as for Murders, and the real horrid accounts, you have'nt given a list rate murder these three weeks."

"That's true, though we can't control such things. he market has been very dull in those articles for me weeks, but I have engaged another hand, who promises a capital crime once a week, and a bloody accident every other day."

"But the deaths and marriages—"

"Well as soon as my ship news collector gets a little more leisure, I intend to employ him in hunting up the interesting nuptials and burials that take place he's a great hand at it, and will turn out for your aunt Dorothy, a most valuable assortment."

Johnny Raw stared. He thought, however, that he could try the Firefly a little while, because there was many deaths and marriages, "and things of that nd" in it, that his aunt thought it the neat paper in e country.

III.

Enter Tom Touchmenot in a rage.—"How are e Mr. Touchmenot?"

"Did you receive that communication that I left r you, Mr. Goosequill?"

"What the account of the mammoth squash?"

"Yes, Sir—more than a column and a half, Sir, n one of the most interesting natural phenomena at ever excited the attention of the curious. Profes- Lexicon read it before his class, Sir, and did not sitate to pronounce it one of the most entertaining d philosophical papers that were ever devoted to e investigation of the arcana of science."

"I read your paper, Mr. Touchmenot—that is, ed the title, and was afraid that it was a little too ng."

"Too long, Sir; why you can take away a line or word without impairing the sense, and destroying the uty of the whole article. It was originally double present length, and I have cut it down till I am afid-at there is not a superfluous sentence."

"I am afraid that I shall not be able to publish it at present, sir."

"There let me tell you, Mr. Goosequill, that I do t think you devote a sufficiently large portion of our columns to topics of philosophical interest. here's your foreign news—all about France and England—you don't scruple to give a column and a half foreign news—and permit me to say that if you think our readers are more entertained and instructed by ur markets, and your stocks across the Atlantic an they are about the wonderful productions of our wn soil, you are very much deceived."

"I am afraid that your squash will have to be crowded out at present—but if it's a wonderful work vegetable, I can hang it up till I find more room."

Mr. Touchmenot rose in a passion—aware that e love of truth and philosophy had been banished om the earth and imprecating all the curses of scire on the Luminary and its editor, threatened our ant extinguishment.

IV.

"Is the editor in?" asked a tall, stout, double fisted fellow, with a cane large enough for the walking stick f a Cyclops."

"You have the honor of addressing him," I replied estly—not more than half liking the incipient insolence of his manner.

"Did you write *that* article?" with a terrible emhasis on the *that*.

"Here Jowler, here," and a black large dog that I pt for customers of this kind rose, shook himself and alked with dignity to my chair. "Down Jowler," d he placed himself composedly by my side.

"What article, Sir?"

"The article, Sir, on the Drama—in which you y that the melo-drama of the "Blasting Thunderlt" is a disgrace to the stage?"

"I can't say that I did, Sir—though on my word I ould have been pleased to say that I was the author it."

"*Who did* write it, then?"

"That's my affair, and not your's; I have no doubt 's all right. At any rate, Sir, I am responsible for a paragraph."

"Well, Sir, I am a friend of the author of that most cellent play—and you must either come out in toorrow's paper and say that the "Blasting Thunderlt" is not a disgrace to the stage, or I must require satisfaction."

"You are at liberty to make your requisition."

"Then, Sir, how will you settle it?—Time and place, you please, and,—

"Certainly, Sir, but I settle all these matters by ay. There's a stout African who turns the wheel of y printing press, and undertakes all these jobs for e, at a very small increase of his usual wages. Mch, n up stairs, and call Cæsar."

"I don't understand this at all"—

"I can't converse any longer with you. Here's ear, and you must arrange your preliminaries with m."

The tall stranger grew enraged. Cæsar and Jowr shewed their teeth, and on a little encouragement n his master, Jowler growled like a young earthake. Exit stranger, much astonished, and not a tle alarmed; that was the last I ever heard or saw the "Blasting Thunderbolt."

A Yankee Game-Cock.—Speaking of sports the her day, a friend remarked to us that the most peer sport he had ever witnessed was a cock-fight at ibo, between a prime Spanish champion and a scion Yankee land.

"One of your bragging, lying, drawling Connecti boys," said he, "had seen it, the year before I as there, to laugh at the beautiful game-chickens on which the Dons so much pride themselves; and agged so much about the 'tarnel great Rabin' chs of his uncle Josh," that one of the West Indis at last offered to stake a score of doubloons that nathan could not find a chicken in the whole United States that could stand ten minutes before his Don made. Jonathan said that "as to standin" he warn't ositive, but he'd be darn'd if he couldn't bring a cock at could thrash that 'ere Don Rabey all to smash;" d so at last the money was panked on both sides, ree hundred dollars a-de.

"The 'Sweet Sake" returned while I was there, and one day my friend called me to go and see the ht between the Spanish and American champions. om the character of the Connecticut cousin, I exted some sort of a trick, though what he meant to I could not conjecture; however, I put on my cloas and went. There was the little knight of Barancha, all ruffled and spurred, and ready to do batwith any thing; full of strut and spirit, the gulant fellow little dreamt of the enemy and the fate that waited him. On the other side of the pit sat Cousin ach-Spare, with his American hat on—in a hog- he Don was provided with his usual steel spurs, and like pair were offered the Captain; but he said, "No thank'ee—natur gin the Yankee cocks pretty nigh l they want, I guess;" and so the order was given cast loose.

"The little Spanish chicken walked out into the en, looking much like the old picture of Sir Walter aleigh in his ruffl d dignity, and paced for a moment -while Capt. Spare was untying his bag—up and wn the field of battle. Presently the bag opened, d forth sprang—not a chicken, but a chicken-hawk, arved and blood-thirsty! The doughty little Don as right at him, and over went the Yankee into his ack. "Hurra!" shouted the Spaniard—to which nathan said nothing but that he "kinder guessed at wasn't the last on't;" and sure enough, for though e hawk wanted spurs, he had terrible claws,—and the Don's next onset he received him, as he lay s his back, in his strong talons, and in an instant rung his neck, and the champion fell dead. Capt. pare, the trick being discovered through me, (for the peranda never saw a hawk before,) came near losing his life in return, but managed to get away safe.' —*Cincinnatti Chronicle.*

It is remarkable that in times those strs re please us most, which are allowed to be dull ast (dulcet.)

a balcony over attending their affairs of the hor- to a of war, as extracted from a recently published work, the *Revelations of a Private Soldier.*

"There is something in the mind, that forcibly appeals to the heart, in witnessing the distress of a conquered foe; to see fear and horror depicted in every countenance; pity must arise, however the intrigue and suffering of war may have blunted the kindlier feelings. Such were my thoughts as I traversed the streets of Buenipore; though elated by the recent victory, humanity still kept its dominion over me. I had see ,in a few hours, the wife rendered a widow, the child parentless, and heard of the waking of a fond one by her family loved and long cherished son; I had seen the tender maiden torn from the arms of her protecting lover, father, or brother, to become the victim to the lust of an intoxicated soldiery? But a brief time since, I had crossed the bleeding corpses, both of my comrades and enemy, unheeding the slaughter surrounding me—but the excitement had passed. Fatigued—parching with thirst—sick at heart with the sight of blood—the groans of the wounded and dying, which every avenue presented—I sought a place of repose and refreshment. I was joined by two companions of the strife; and while consulting how to pass the night, we observed four negroes near us. The distrust existing in our minds against these fellows, induced us to watch them. They knocked at one of the houses, and upon receiving no answer, applied a casket to the lock, and gained a speedy entrance. We followed them into the house, and stretched upon a couch, in a corner of the room, lay an old man, with his daughter, a girl of fifteen, trembling and sobbing on his breast. The Sepoys demanded food and drink; the old man pointing to a tree or, desired them to take it. We joined them, and after some refreshment, separated, my companions having recollected some breezes at head quarters; this I was left alone with the Sepoys, the father and the daughter. Knowing their character, and possessing in no small degree the prejudices against them, I sharpened my musket flint, and pretended for any emergency that might present itself. They had satisfied their hunger, and I expected were about to depart, when they seized the old man and demanded of him where his money was hidden, to which he made no reply; exasperated at his obstinacy, one of them presented his musket, and swore he would shoot him in the event of his not producing gold. Whether the old man was petrified with fear, or whether avarice was a ruling passion, I know not; but he remained silent as death. Finding their threats unavailing, they seized the girl, and by most horrible oaths, endeavoured to wring the secret from her; it was in vain—she trembled violently, but uttered not a syllable. Burning with fury and disappointment, the villains, I doubt not, would have sacrificed both, had not a new idea struck one of them—a resolution which he gave utterance to with a savage joy. Three of them seized the unfortunate girl. While the fourth proceeded to accomplish his brutal purpose before the eyes of her agitated, but helpless father! Never shall I forget the old man's countenance at that moment; horror, despair, and misery were depicted thereon; his face was distorted with the utmost rage; but weakness and imbecility of age, prevented his interference. I grasped my firelock with a nervous hand; recollecting, however, the number I had to oppose, remonstrance seemed the only means I could use. I reminded them of the crime they were about to commit; I entreated them to desist from their horrible purpose. The old man had crawled to the side of his child, and clung to the kneeand her ravishers, while the big tears suffused his dark furrowed countenance! The ruffians laughed, and desired me to stand off, as I valued my own life. They proceeded with their hellish work—the girl's shrieks became more and more shrill, mingled with the jeers and loud laughter of the fiends who held her. Fury took possession of me; a fire was kindled in me, which nought but the blood of the Sepoys could allay. I thought of my own loved sisters—the thought was harrowing—in a moment of phrensy, I levelled my piece—the ball pierced the brain of the Sepoy, who turned to curse me, and fell a bleeding corpse on the fainting girl!

Thank heaven I missed her. She was unhurt, unblemished as I had first seen her. By this time my comrades had returned, and met the surviving soldiers in their precipitate retreat. Raising the girl from the dead body, I placed her on the bosom of her father. I had again stained my hands in blood; but it was in defence of innocence, and never will remorse or guilt stain the fair name of a soldier, for offering protection to the feeble and needy—even though he should do so, by the sacrifice of a worthless life. The unhappy father wobbed forth his thanks—they penetrated my heart. I pressed his aged hand, chased the tears from my eyes, and hurried to repose my wearied limbs, where chance might afford me an opportunity.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

ABOUT WASTEFULNESS.

Returning home, one day, from my labour, I noticed in one of the streets in our city, a couple of lads kicking a loaf of bread very merrily, as a substitute for a foot-ball. I was somewhat pained at the sight of seeing the "staff of life" thus shamefully wasted by these wicked boys. If every two boys in the city should get a loaf of bread and kick it for a foot-ball, we should find that many more beggars would be calling at our doors, and many more children would be crying to get a little bread to satisfy their hunger. And, perhaps, some of these wicked boys themselves may, at some future time, be glad to get a crust of that very bread which they had trampled under their feet.

Children should early learn to be saving—not stingy They *should try to make every thing go as far as possible.* When their father buys them a new pair of shoes, they ought to be very careful of them; and not kick the toes out in a week after they are purchased. I have seen hundreds of boys that would beat the toes of their shoes out in a short time kicking foot-ball; or, they would come down hill on a sled, dragging their feet on the snow and ice—thus wearing out their shoes as if they were afraid that they would last too long! Some boys, too, will have a new hat and wear it a few times to meeting, and then put it on every day, and presently use it for a foot-ball!

Now my friends, let us see what advantages we should secure, if we were saving and prudent. Suppose your father pays a dollar, for a pair of shoes for you. They last three weeks, and you have them mended. This costs fifty cents. In a fortnight more, they are thrown aside. Thus you see that one pair costs one dollar and fifty cents, and last five weeks—so, at this rate, you would require ten pair of shoes in a year! and they would cost fifteen dollars.

But suppose you make your shoes last twice as long. How much money will it take to buy them for a year? Seven dollars and fifty cents; one half as much. So then you would save seven dollars and fifty cents by being careful.

Well, now, let us go a little further and see how we come out. Ten pairs of shoes cost fifteen dollars, five pairs seven dollars and fifty cents. Now if you were to be still more careful and require only three pairs in a year, it would cost but four dollars and fifty cents. Deduct four dollars and fifty cents from fifteen dollars, and how many dollars will remain? Ten dollars and fifty cents. So you would save ten dollars and fifty cents in the single article of shoes, by being careful.

And now suppose every one of my readers would be careful in every thing. How much money they would save, and how much good they could accomplish!

However, I have a plan for you. It is this. Let all boys and girls who read this paper ask their father to let them have all the money they can save by being careful of their things—not shoes, merely, but hats, clothes, &c. What I mean is this. Suppose you had a hat every year which costs two dollars. Now if you can make that last six months longer than a year, there will be one dollar for you. And this will pay for a year's subscription to this paper. And if every boy and girl would pursue this plan what a great amount might be given to benevolent objects! Let all my friends try and see how much they can save this year by being prudent.—*Jun. Watch. with alterations.*

THINGS IN THE PARLOR.

Many a boy, and not a few young men can tell more about Europe or Asia, or even the sun, moon, and stars, than they can about the things in the parlor, or bed-room, where they have spent a large portion of their lives.

Ask them what the stove was made of where it was probably made, where and how the iron was procured and formed into the present state; and could they tell you? Ask them where the Lehigh coal which is burnt in it daily is procured; and how few can tell who her it was brought from Canada, Pennsylvania, Georgia, or Mexico.

Again; inquire about the chairs and tables of what wood the various parts of them are made, how the paint and varnish with which they are coated over, was prepared, and of what materials; and ask them if they know whether there are any chair factories in Massachusetts, and can they answer your inquiries?

Or suppose you ask them about the carpet;—where carpets are made, what they are made of, and how often, and in what manner wool is procured from sheep;—how wool is spun, how the carpet is coloured, wove, &c.; and can one boy in a dozen tell you?

Perhaps you ask about the looking-glass. There are the mahogany, the gold ng, the glass, and the quicksilver. How many boys and girls in a hundred, who are under fourteen years—I might say fifteen years of age,—can tell where all these materials come from, how they are procured, and how they are formed into the shape of a looking-glass? Are there not some who would be as likely to say that mahogany comes from Switzerland, and quicksilver from Africa, as to say that either are found on any part of the continent of America.

But once more. You well know that whole loads of coal have been hut into the grave in the course of a year, but the ashes that remain in the pl e amount to only a few bushels. Do you know what has become of the rest? "Burnt up," you will say; and so people generally say. But do you mean that from being *something*, it has become nothing? If you do, you are greatly mistaken. Not a single particle of what we burn is ever reduced to nothing; it is only changed. It becomes smoke and gas of various kinds, as the chemists call it; and they have names of all gases this formed, and can tell us all about them.

But I have mentioned only a few of the things us-ally found in a parlor. The truth is we study things afar off, and try to know something about them; while we often remain ignorant, as long as we live, of the history, nature, and character of things which we every day are and touch and use. Ought it to be so? Will you not, after to-day, try to know more about things in the nursery, the parlor, the closet, the bedroom, the school-room, &c.? Your parents and friends will answer many of your questions; your books will answer many more;—and there are some which you could answer yourselves, if you would only set yourselves to thinking.

bid,
Thou rosy little dogmat st—thou pretty Karydd!
Thou maidest me at gentle folks—old gentlefolks are thes;
Thou say'st an undespised thing in such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Karydd! I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy pattering notes, so petulant and shrill.
I think there is a nat st you beneath the hollow tree;
A knot of spinster Karydds—do Karydds drink tea?

Oh! tell me where did Katy live, and what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young, and yet so wicked too?
Did Katy love a naughty man, or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrent Katy did no more than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about my fate with little Jane
And Ann, with whom I used to walk so often down the lane;
And all that tore their locks of black, or wet their eyes of blue—
Pray tell me, sweetest Karydd, say what did Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crush, that stood for ages still;
The rock shall rend its mossy base, and thunder down the hill,
Before the little Karydd shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid whose name she knows as well.

Peace to the ever murmuring race! and when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings, beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fanning voice, and lift her drooping lid,
And then the child of future years shall hear what Katy did.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

SINGULAR PLANT.

One of the most curious plants with which we are acquainted, grows in abundance all on the top of Mohawong Mountain, about a mile and a half in a Southwest direction from the village of Mansfield. It is commonly called Frost Plant, or Rock Rose, but we have forgotten its botanical name as also the class and order to which it belongs. We have never seen it in summer, but at this season of the year its appearance is that of a small weed about a foot in height and somewhat resembling the Wild Indigo, both in the form of its branches and of the dead leaves which remain upon it. During the frosty nights of Autumn two leaves of ice spring from opposite sides of the stem near the surface of the ground, which are generally melted off during the day and again renewed at night. These ice leaves are of the lanceolar form, three or four inches long, one-half or three quarters of an inch broad, and half a line in thickness. Perhaps the best idea of these singular formations may be obtained by imagining the appearance of two petals of the White Lily fastened by their extremities on opposite sides of a slender stem, as they are about the same shape and size and curved in the same graceful manner. They are formed of white transparent ice, streaked lengthwise and much resembling in appearance the lustrous columns which during frosty weather are frequently observed in ploughed fields where the soil is wet and gravelly. It is many years since we came across this curious plant while hunting on the mountain, and have never since had an opportunity of examining it, nor have we ever been able to meet with a single person who had observed it.—*Belvidere, (N.J.) Apollo.*

Cut and Uncut Potatoes for Planting.

The following is from the New England Farmer of the 12th ultimo:

Mr. Fessenden—The following details of an experiment to ascertain the relative advantage of planting cut or uncut potatoes is at your service for publication if you think it of sufficient importance.

I planted this year alternate rows of cut and uncut potatoes. I put four pieces into each hill of the cut potatoes and two potatoes into each hill of the whole potatoes. The hills were three feet apart, each way, and of course the number of hills in an acre was 4840. The produce of rows, planted with cut potatoes was at the rate of three hundred and thirty five bushels to the acre, or twenty three thousand five hundred and twenty pounds. The produce of the rows planted with the whole potatoes was at the rate of four hundred and fifty eight bushels or thirty-two thousand and sixty pounds. The difference to the crop in favor of whole potatoes was at the rate of one hundred and twenty-two bushels the acre, but as these were twenty two bushels more of seed the acre used in planting the whole potatoes, the nett gain was only one hundred bushels. However, as one bushel of potatoes at the season of planting is usually worth two bushels at harvest time, it will be more accurate to calculate the gain at seventy-eight bushels. The kind of potatoes planted was the *white blue nose,* which is decidedly the best potatoe for the table I have ever cultivated, though a moderate bearer unless it receive generous treatment.

Ellsworth, (Me.) 3d Nov., 1834.

The above is a valuable article, and the experiment which it details, will go near to settle a very important and much controverted point in husbandry.—*Ed. N. E. Far.*

Cutting down Woods.—Large quantities of wood are brought to this city from Long Island. The owners of woodland have adopted the plan of cutting very low to the ground. Six or eight years is too tegment—10 to 15 may be the most profitable.—*N. Y. Fur.*

An experienced agriculturist informs us that he considers it as an established fact, that the same forest land which produces sixty cords of wood per acre, when cut once in twenty years, would produce ninety cords, if the woods were cut three times during the same period. He thinks that the rapidity of the growth of wood depends much upon the frequency of cutting; and that wood land in general would yield a far greater profit, if cleared as often as once in six or eight years.—*Dedham Advertiser.*

To make Coffee as the French make it.—Have a coffeepot with a lip; pour into it as many cups of boiling water as you wish to make cups of coffee; let the water boil, then put in as many tablespoonfuls of coffee as there are cups of water, stir it in, and let it simmer till the head falls. When the coffee is done, take it off the fire, pour in a cup of cold water, set the coffee on the hearth, and let it stand ten minutes, when it will be fine. For breakfast, put one cupful of this coffee to three or four cups of boiled milk, and sweeten to your taste, and you will find it a luxury, at small expense, as great as wealth can procure.—*Household Almanack.*

To stain wood a fine black, drop a little oil of vitriol into a small quantity of water, rub the stain on the wood, then hold it to the fire, until it becomes a fine black, and when polished will be exceedingly beautiful.

Prune your grape vines. This is the month for that important operation. There is vacant ground within the limits of the city, exposed to the sun, capable of supplying the city abundantly with grapes As many slips are cut off and thrown away every season, as would convert our gardens into vineyards *Let every body who has a vacant spot,* look out betimes for some slips to plant. This is also the season for trimming certain trees.

Green Vegetable Manure.—The value of green vegetables as manure was strikingly proved by me in the spring of 1833. I had a trench opened of sufficient length to receive six cwt of potatoes; under three of these sets I placed green cabbage leaves, but the other three had nothing but the soil. When the crop was dug up, the plants over the cabbage leaves yielded about double the produce of the others.—*J. D. Parks, Dartford Nursery, January,* 1834.

THE CELEBRATED

Depurating Syrup.

THIS valuable Sarsa. rilla, which now stands unrivalled as a remedy for

Scrofula or King's Evil,	Diseases of the Skin,
Ophthalmia,	Leucorrhœa, or St Anthony's Fire,
Ulcerous and Syphiloid Affections,	Obstinate Ulcerations,
White Swellings,	Diseases of the Liver,
Disease of the Bones,	Chronic Rheumatism, &c.

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, is constantly recommended to those labouring under any of the above mentioned forms of disease.

The truly extraordinary curative properties of this preparation, which stands universally acknowledged, renders recapitulation unnecessary; but the subscribers can fully satisfy inquirers, by reference to the highest respectability, as to its efficacy, now in the possession of the proprietor. The proprietor refers to no one, that he is aware of, as to the benefits derived from Depurating Syrup has failed to cure, where the directions for its use have been properly attended to.

The Depurating Syrup is put up in flasks of one dollar each, having a label covering the cork, on which is the signature of the subscriber, without which none is genuine. Prepared for the use of the public only by

WM. K. CLARIDGE,
Druggist and Chemist,
No. 20 North Second street, above Arch,
opposite the Franklin Hotel.

Price $1. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the drug store of the proprietor, corner of Second and Hanover streets, Baltimore; also by Messrs. Eldridge & Brother, 17 North Second street, Philadelphia; and at the sale of the above mentioned—D. H. GRIDLEY, Principal Agent,) south west corner of Fourth and Race streets. Knox & Co., no. three corner of Second and Callowhill streets, Penn Square, where orders may be addressed for the same; T. Mc Ginnis, No. 276 Arch street; J. Erskine, No. 31 South Second street, a good Samaritan; J. Stoughton, 68 corner of Vine and Second streets; R. Jordan & Co., southeast corner of Third and Arch streets; and N. Wagner, Third and Wood streets; Dr. J. Shirtell, N. E. corner of South and Fourth streets; and Dr. M'Clintock, south opposite Beaver street. may 7—6m

Manufactory of
THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS'
Levels,
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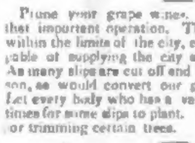
&c. &c.



No. 80 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture all the various kinds of Mathematical and Optical instruments, and will warrant them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. For many years he conducted the business, reformed from ancient Engravings, and the favorable testimonials, fully justify him in making it a pledge.

As a surviving partner of the late firm of Blunt, Clarke & Draper he also enjoys however the possession an additional claim to a share of public patronage, on account of the high reputation universally extended to their instruments.

Orders from any part of the United States, thankfully received and punctually attended to, on the most favourable terms.

EDMUND DRAPER.
feb 14—1y

Cheap for Cash or Exchange

A FEW remaining Gentlemen's Gold Watches, of the best kind, and a large number of Watches, Chronometers, Lepines, Levers, Quartiers, &c. &c. for sale at the lowest terms for Cash or approved Goods. Also, Gold Chains, Pencil Cases, Finger Rings, Keys, Seals, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Bracelets, Gold Pens, Tortoise Shell Combs, Pocket Knives, Scissors, &c. &c. Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Fancy Goods, &c. &c. Watches and Jewellery carefully repaired and warranted.

JOHN TRYON,
No. 108 North second st. one door below Arch, Philadelphia.
The Gold and Silver bought and exchanged.
Chronometers, Patent Levers, Repeating, Lepines, and plain Watches, repaired, cleaned and warranted.

New and Fashionable
JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c.

THE subscriber, having added to his former stock in trade a large assortment of new and fashionable goods, which have been selected with great care in the first manufacturing establishments in Europe, is now receiving and will open in a few days, at his store, No. 1 Exchange, Third street, a large and splendid assortment of Jewellery, Watches, Plated Goods, Fancy Articles, Fine Cutlery, Pocket Knives, Scissors, &c. &c. which he will dispose of at the lowest prices for Cash or approved credit.

Those wishing to purchase, are requested to call and examine for themselves, as it is their interest to do so, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell at a small advance on cost.

Watches, Jewellery, Silver Plate, &c. repaired in the best manner, and warranted.

JOHN TRYON,
No. 108 North second st. one door below Arch, Philadelphia.

Jacob Semnell,

Brass, Steel and Cane Reed Manufactory, 165 *North Second st., Philada.*

HAS imported Cane Reed, he would respectfully inform his friends from the United States, he warrants them equal to all in this country, and will be sold on as reasonable terms as those made on the old plan.

All are informed of Reeds and Hooks, for city and country work, constantly on hand.

Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for country merchants.

Bell and Steel Reeds, made to order at the shortest notice, of which he warrants to be of the best quality, and will be sold on as reasonable terms as can be had in this city.

A general assortment of first quality Weaved Reeds Yarn, and wholesale and retail. feb 16—3m

Wetherill and Brothers,

SHIP CHANDLERS—No. 45 North Front street, 3 doors below Arch street, Philadelphia, offer for sale the following articles, viz:

Chrome yellow,	do. do.
Chrome green,	do. do.
Vermilion,	do. do.
Vermilion red,	do. do.
Spanish brown,	do. do.
Yellow ochre,	do. do.

Lamp black, black patent glue, leather varnish.
Linseed oil, pearly, Gloucester and Boston, boiled and raw.
Paint brushes, a large assortment of window do.
Oil cloths, floor, table, stair and hall do. also, floor matting.
Bolting, Cotton and Linen, for dressing flour.
Ground pepper, ground cloves, ground cassia,
do. cinnamon, do. ginger, do. mace
Nutmegs, sage, and mustard, do.
Sperm oil, pot and pearl ashes, bees wax, toilette soap.
Hair powder, hand powder, tooth brushes, sealing wax,
Writing inkstands, ink, note paper, &c. &c.
Those wishing to purchase, are requested to call and examine for themselves, as it is their interest to do so, before purchasing elsewhere, as they are determined to sell at a small advance on cost.
All orders attended to with punctuality and dispatch.
Ships supplied with stores and provisions, on the most reasonable terms.
feb 28—1y

Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 21 South Third street, half way between Market and Chestnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tanners' and Currriers' Tools, viz:

200 La Plata Hides,	200 La Guayra Hides,
2000 Chile, do.	500 Pernambuco, do.
1000 Rio Grande, do.	all of the choicest quality.

2500 Heavy Green Salted Patna Kipps, for Upper Leather.
100 Bbls. best Manila and Bank Oil.

All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.

A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough. Leather wanted, for which the highest market prices will be given in Cash, Oil or exchange for Hides, &c.

DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
No. 21 South Third Street.
feb 28 '35—1y

Wholesale Perfumery Establishment.

THE subscriber respectfully informs western and southern merchants, druggists, perfumers and dealers generally, that he has greatly enlarged his Perfumery Establishment, which may be found at Nos. 84 and 86 South Third street, over the Old Post Office, Philadelphia, where he continues to manufacture, and has for sale, wholesale and retail, the following articles, of improved qualities, equal to any imported or made in this country, viz:—Cologne, lavender, Florida water, bay rum, and a variety of other spirits of perfume; also, a large